

FIN

Psalmi
in Terra



n Coelis
Allelujah



THE
PSALMES
of
DAVID

From the New
Translation
of the Bible Turned
into Meter.

To be sung after the
Old Tunes used in
Churches.

Sing Unto the Lord
a New Song
Psalm: 96: 1. c.

LONDON printed by Ed: Griffin 1651

Re Daugh

Received of
 Lord's Prayer
 Creed & the Ten
 Commandments

[Illegible handwritten text]

1826 Le. O.T. Psalm. Paraphrase

THE
PSALMES
OF
DAVID,
FROM

The New Translation of the
Bible turned into Meter:

To be Sung after the Old Tunes used
in the Churches.

Unto which are newly added the
Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the ten Com-
mandements : With some other
Ancient *HYMNES*.

Greg. Nazianz. Orat. 40. In Baptisma.

Ἡ ψαλμωδία μετ' ἧς δεχθήσονται ἐκκλησίαι
ὕμνων τερρομένων.

*Psalmorum Cantillatio, cum quâ accipiêris
illius Hymnodia præludium, &c.*

Hippolyt. Episcop. Orat. de Consummat.
Mundi, ex versione Jo. Pici.

*Temporibus Antichristi Psalmorum decantatio
cessabit.*

London, Printed by S. G. and are to be
sold by *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes
Armes in *St. Pauls Church-yard*.

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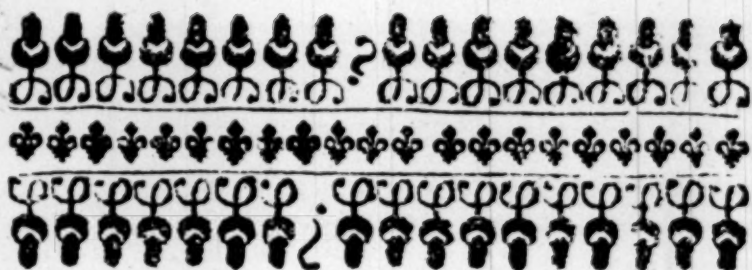
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JOHN DOWNAME.

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14



The Preface.



Not to vy with Any, who have rendered Them better, nor to diminish those who perhaps have done Them worse, nor for the vanity wherewith Many delight Themselves, To be reputed Authors of a Publick work, much lesse for any sordid expectation of gaine, doth This Edition of the Psalmes offer it self to the common view. The generall distast, taken at some unhandsome expressions in The Old, which both disfigured the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and reproached our English Tongue, (That did not afford a decent cloathing to preserve Them from the scorne of Those who apprehended any occasion to quarrell us) invited Me to try in Some Few, whither They might not

The Preface.

in the plainest dress of language be freed from those disparagements of the Text, which gave offence. After I had privately shewed Those (intended no farther then for an assay) perswasion of Friends, who had power to command, made me (having now leisure from those greater employments, to which I was called more then I ever expected) willing to run through the Rest.

August.
Epist.
118. ad
Januari-
um de
consue-
tud. va-
riis Re-
gionum.

I know Alteration (though for the Better) is scarce welcome to People by Custom, and long Prescription habited in their First formes, that of S. Augustine being often true, *Ipsa mutatio consuetudinis, quæ adjuvat Utilitate, Novitate perturbat*, The profit doth not recompense to Them the trouble and disorder of the Change.

I have therefore by tying my self to the old Meter and old Tunes, endeavoured to prevent that disturbance which the Alteration might bring, whose difference in this Version will not be much discerned, when the Congregation, perfect in their antient Tunes, may with as much ease repeat every verse read before They sing (according to the practise) as They did the Old.

Wherein

The Preface.

Wherein I shall desire my aime may be rightly understood, which was to render Them rather with perspicuity and plainesse for the vulgar use, then Elegance. For this the disadvantage of the Measure (of All others least gracefull) wherein most of the Psalmes run, allows not: especially when by designe I deny my selfe the liberty of those words and Phrases, which either suit not the Gravity of the Subject, or capacity of the Meanest. To this end I have so closely followed the New Translation of the Psalms in our Church Bibles, that He who is able to read the one, may perceive the Reason of the Text neither lost, nor abused in the Rhime; Both which without much Unevennesse, or force are brought to an easy and familiar agreement.

Indeed where the Place is obscure, and the Construction difficult, I take leave by paraphrase to give the Meaning: which is a method of times observed by the Septuagint, whose Version Moralizeth in the Greek, what was wrapp'd up in figures by the Hebrew. As to instance in one for all, in Psalm 84. verse 6. What our Translation from the Original termes The Valley of Baca, or of Mulberry Trees (as
the

The Preface.

Vallem
sitientem
& ob id
ad fletum
excitantem.

Vatablus.

*the Margin hath it) meaning thereby a place oppressed with drought and Barrenness, where those Trees commonly grow, The Greek reads τὴν Κοιλάδα τῆς κλαυθμῆ-
vos, the valley of Mourning, or of Teares, from the sad effects (saith Vatablus) which so wretched a Place produceth, wherein passengers were constrained (for want of other) to drink Raine water, kept in pits digged for that purpose.*

Psal. 47. 7

This course as it is most usefull, so I hope needs no excuse; for else how should the Congregation observe the Psalmists rule, To sing with understanding, when they understand not what they Sing. The serving God upon Others score whom we beleieve meane well is a faire way to Sing implicit Faith into a Church whose Orthodox Divines both in their Pulpits and writings have so often Said it out.

Neither will any (I hope) be so severe as to conclude, That it is not Davids Psalm, but Ours, so long as we Sing it in His sence, though not alwayes according to His strict Letter. For as it is not to be expected from a Translator, that he should verbum verbo reddere, give word for word: so with the learned

An.

The Preface.

Andreas Viega, I must conclude it impossible, that all the words of one Language should be transplanted into Another, but that there will be some restriction or enlargement of significations. And however One who thus precisely binds himself to a Literall interpretation may please himself, He can neither inform Those who are lesse learned, nor keep them from apprehensions of prejudice upon the Text: Since that which in the Hebrew is an Elegance, rendered in another Language according to the Words would be (to say no worse) perplex'd and barbarous, inducing men, through this defect of the Interpreter, to suspect that The Holy Ghost dictated, and the Church commended some things to the Peoples use, which need not be understood.

Besides this advantage of Paraphrase where Places are dark, the Congregation happily may find Another in the contracting divers Psalmes, formerly divided into severall Parts; so that now, unlesse some Few, the most without these fractions and interruptions may be sung entirely at Once, not borrowing too much time out of that which is allotted to Other Duties.

Histor.
Concil.
Trident.
Lib. 2
An. 1546

The Preface.

I have no more to add, But as the Service of God was my first aime, so I shall account my labour fully recompensed, if it proves usefull, or acceptable to The most Renowned Mother Church of England : Under whose First establishment and happy Reformation, in the Best and most Orthodox Times, I professe my self by all obligations of Duty and Devotion an obedient Sen, and faithfull servant.

BK 113



PSAL. I.

PSALME I.

I



PSAL. I.

VERSE I.

HHe man is blest whose feet not tread,
By wicked counsailes led :

Nor stands in that perverted way,
In which the Sinners stray ;

Nor joynes himselfe unto the chaire,
Where Scorners seated are ;

2. But in God's Law both dayes and nights
To meditate delights.

3. He shall be like a Planted Tree

We neere the Rivers see :

Whose branches by their moisture spring,
And fruits in season bring.

4. No parching droughts his leaf invade,
Or make his blossome fade.

For God will his indeavours blesse
With prosperous successe.

5. But wicked men themselves shall find
Like chaff blow'n by the wind.

6. Nor in the finall Judgment must
Stand up among the Just.

B.

For

7. For God the righteous guides, and knowes
 The path wherein he goes :
 When wayes of Sinners perish shall
 In their eternall fall.



P S A L. II.

1. **W** Hy do the furious Heathen rage?
 Vaine people why engage?
2. Kings of the Earth a Party make,
 And Rulers counsell take.
 Who 'gainst the Lord that Earth doth sway,
 And His Anointed, say,
3. Break we the Bonds They on us lay,
 And cast Their Cords away.
4. But God, who doth the Heavens guide,
 Shall them in Scorne deride,
5. Then shall His soare displeasure breake,
 And He in anger speake.
6. Yet have I set my King on high,
 Adorn'd with Majesty :
 Upon Mount *Sion* rais'd the throne
 Of mine Anointed one.
7. I will declare that firme decree,
 The Lord hath said to me.

Thou

PSALME II.

3

Thou ar't my Son, without all spot,
This day I thee begot.

8. Ask me, and thine Inheritance
Ore Nations I'll advance:
Far as the earth, or Sea extends,
Are thy Possessions ends.

9. Thou with an Iron Rod shalt bruise
Such as thy pow'r refuse.
And like a Potters Vessell broak,
So dash them by thy stroake.

10. O therefore all ye Kings that awe
The Nations with your Law;
Yee Judges of the earth be wise:
His Scepter not despise.

11. Serve ye the Lord with holy feare;
Rejoyce, yet rev'rence beare.

12. And kisse the Sonne, before his wrath;
Your way consumed hath.

For if a little that encrease,
Where can we seek for Peace?
Since they are only safe, and blest,
Whose hope in Him doth rest.

B 2

O Lord



P S A L. III.

1. **O** Lord, how fast do they encrease,
Who troubled have my Peace?
They many are, who 'gainst me rise,
And are my enemies.
2. Many there be my Soule upbraid,
And say, God cannot aid.
3. But Lord! Thou art my Sheild, my Praise;
Thou shalt my head up-raise.
4. To God my loud request did cry,
Who heard my voyce from high.
5. I lay'd me downe, and rose againe:
For He did me sustaine.
6. Then though ten thousands me invade,
I will not be afraid.
No, though with threats the furious rowt
Encompasse me about.
7. Arise, and save me O my God:
For with thy vengefull rod
Thou smit'st the cheek, and break'st the jawes
Of such as hate thy Lawes.

To

P S A L M E IV.

5

8. To Thee O Lord our God alone
Belongs Salvation.
Who do'st Thy blessings evermore
Upon Thy People powre.



P S A L. IV.

1. **G**Od of my righteousness attend,
When my requests ascend,
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distresse,
And eas'd my heaviness.

2. How long O Mortals will ye shame
The glory of my Name?
How long will ye love vanities,
And take delight in Lies?

3. Know that the Lord elected hath
Men of unmoved faith.

He, when before His throne I cry,
Will not my suite deny.

4. Stand of His greatness then in awe,
Nor sinne against His Law.

When on your bed retir'd, and still,
O meditate his will?

5. Of Righteousness the Offering
To God your maker bring:

B 3

And

6 P S A L M E I V.

And on the hope of His defence,
Place all your confidenc .

6. Yet some, who Him not understood,
Aske, who shall doe us good?
Lord let thy face, & beames divine,
On us thy servants shine.

7. Thou fill'st my heart with greater joyes,
Then theirs, whom plenty cloyes.
Who reape their fruits in time of peace,
whose Corne, and Wine encrease.

8. I lay mee downe, with quiet blest,
To take my sleep, and rest :
For thou, whose goodnesse doth excell,
Mak'st me in safety dwell.



P S A L. V.

1. **L**ord, Ponder what my words relate,
Weigh what I meditate.

2. My God and King my cry attend :
To Thee my Pray'rs I send.

3. My voyce O Lord shall in the morne
Up to thy Throne be borne.

Betimes will I direct my cry,
And looke to thee on high.

For

4. For thou in Sin tak'st no delight,
No ill dwells in thy sight.

5. The foolish stand not in thine eye,
Who hat'st iniquity.

6. Thou shalt the lying lips destroy,
Who leasing make their joy.

God will the bloody minded hate,
And punish all deceit.

7. But I, presuming on Thy care,
Will to thy House repaire:
And tow'rds thy Temple in thy feare,
Due adoration beare.

8. Mee Lord in righteousness dispose,
Beset with watchfull foes.

Make streight thy way before my face,
And guide mee by thy grace.

9. No faithfullnesse their mouth containes,
Their heart fowle Malice staines.

Wide Sepulchres are their black throats,
Their tongues but flatt'ring notes.

10. O God destroy, and let them all
By their own Counsailes fall;
Themselves by their transgressions quell,
Who 'gainst Thy pow'r rebell.

11. But let all faithfull ones rejoyce,
And showt with cheerfull voyce:

Because Thy love, which knowes no end,
Doth ever them defend.

12. Let those rejoyce, in Thee who trust;
For Thou wilt blesse the Just:
And with Thy favour, as a sheild,
In danger safety yeild.



P S A L. VI.

1. **R**Ebuke me not O Lord in wrath,
Whose sinne deserv'd it hath:
Nor let thy hot displeasure burne,
Least I to nothing turne.

2. Have pittie Lord, for I am weak,
Asham'd my sinnes to speake.

O heale me, for my bones are vext,
My Soul with griefe perplext.

3. How long shall I lament, and cry,
For my delivery?

4. O turne! and me to favour take,
For thine owne mercies sake.

5. Can he, who looses lifes short breath,
Remember Thee in death?

Or will the dust, and silence raise
A voyce to sound Thy praise?

Weary,

6. Weary, and faint, my soule bemoanes
Her vaine and fruitlesse groanes.

My bed the mark of sorrow weares,
Each night bedew'd with teares.

7. My sight is dimme, my melting eye
Clouded with misery.

I languish, through my haters rage,
Into untimely age.

8. Depart from me all wicked ones ;
The Lord hath heard my moanes.

My voyce of weeping, and my teares
Sound lowdly in His eares.

9. God, who my supplication takes,
In Pardon answer makes.

When their despight, who me defame,
Shall cover'd be with shame.



P S A L. VII. *Sing this as Psalm 51.*

1. **O** Lord my God in thee I trust ;
Deliver mee from the unjust.

2. Least Lyon-like my soule he teare,
Whilst none is for my reskue neare.

3. Lord if this guilt upon me stands,
Or wickednesse be in my hands ;

4. If friend I ill rewarded have,
Or causelesse foe I did not save:
5. Then let mine enemy pursue,
Let him my captive soule subdue:
Let him my life to earth down thrust,
And lay mine honour in the dust.
6. O Lord! in thy fierce wrath arise;
Take vengeance on mine enemies.
7. The people then shall me come nigh;
For their sakes lift thy selfe on high.
8. The Lord his judgement shall dispence,
According to mine innocence:
9. O let all wicked counsailes end;
But just men stablish, and defend.
10. For God the heart and reines doth try;
Preserves men of integrity.
11. God doth in right his judgements lay;
Yet is provoked every day.
12. If he not turne, His sword is whet;
His bow is bent, and ready set.
13. The instruments of death He brings,
And arrowes from His quiver flings.
14. Behold he travailes great with hate,
Mischiefe conceaves, brings forth deceit:
15. He made a ditch, and dig'd a Pit,
And he himselfe is fall'n in it.

Thus

P S A L M E VIII.

II

16. Thus all his practises revert,
To strike his owne malicious heart.
His mischiete shall his own head wound;
His violence himselfe confound.
17. I will the praise of God expresse,
According to His righteousnesse:
And in my Songs extoll the fame
Of His most high, most glorious Name.



P S A L. VIII.

1. **L**Ord! how excelling is Thy Name
Through earths extended frame!
Who hast Thy glory set on high,
Above the starry sky.
2. Thou didst by infant mouthes ordaine
Renowne and strength to gaine:
Whose weaknesse might thy foes confound,
And the Avenger wound.
3. When I consider, Heavens state
Thy fingers did create;
The Moone, with all the Stars of night,
To which thy beams gave light:

O

4. O what is Man, or all his race,
Thy favour should him grace?
5. Whom, made next Angels in renowne,
Thou wilt with glory crowne.

6. Thou under his command hast layd
The workes Thy hand had made.
What in each element doth meet,
Is subject to his feet.

8. All sheep, and beasts which range the feild,
The fowles which aire doth yield:
The Fishes, which their motion keep
Within the liquid deep.

8. O Lord our Governour, whose sway
All in the world obey!
How far excelling is Thy Name
Through earths extended frame!



P S A L. IX. *Sing this as Psalme 51.*

1. **I** Thee will praise with my whole heart,
And all thy wond'rous works impart:
In Songs, and Hymns rejoyce will I,
2. Toblesse Thy Name, O Thou most high.
Mine

Mine enemies repulsed all
Shall at Thine awfull presence fall.

4. Thou hast my righteous cause maintain'd,
Whose throne wrong judgement never
stain'd.

5. At Thy rebuke the Heathens fame
Destroyed is, put out their name.

O thou malicious enemy,

6. Thy loath'd remembrance now must dy.
And like the Cities thou hast ras'd,
Thine own Memoriall is defac'd.

7. But God for ever shall endure,
His throne in judgment stablish'd sure.

8. The world Hee'll judge in righteousness;

9. A Refuge be in times distresse:

10. Who know Thy Name in Thee will trust,
For Thou hast never left the just.

11. Praise God, who doth in Sion dwell;
His doings to the people tell.

12. When He enquires for Blood, the Cry
Nere passes from His memory.

13. Have mercy on my troubled state,
O Lord, who lift'st me from death's gate:

14. That Sion I thy praise may shew,
Whose joyes from thy Salvation grow.

15. Sunke to the Pit the Heathen are;
Their feet are caught in their own snare,
The

14

P S A L M E · I X.

16.

The Lord in their revenge is know'n,
Who by themselves are overthrow'n.

17. The wicked shall be turn'd to hell,
And all, who God forgetting, fell.

18. For on the poore He thinkes alway,
Nor shall the Needies hope decay.

19. Up Lord! and let not man prevaile,
Nor let thy judgements ever faile.

20. Put them in feare; the Nations then
Will know themselves to be but men.



P S A L. X. *Sing this as the
Lamentation.*

1. **W**Hy (Lord!) dost Thou so far abide?
Thy face in times of trouble hide?

2. Proud men the helpelesse persecute;
But let them fall in the pursuit.

3. He boasteth in his own desires,
And wretches, whom God hates, admires.

4. Through pride of heart he God neglects,
Whom he nor thinkes on, nor affects.

5. His grievous wayes Thy judgments flight;
His thoughts do feare no opposite.

6. He

6. He said, I never shall be mov'd,
Nor by adversity be prov'd.
7. His mouth deceit and curses fill;
Whilst mischiefs from his tongue distill.
8. He lurkes to kill the innocent;
His eyes against the poore are bent.
9. He as a Lyon lyes in wait
To catch the guiltlesse through deceit.
10. With humble shewes he doth assay
To make the poore his strong ones prey.
11. His heart hath said, God hath forgot:
He hides His face, and seeth not.
12. O God, lift up thy selfe, arise,
And think upon our miseries.
13. Why doth his pride, and scorn surmount?
As if that God kept no account;
Nor will his wicked workes require,
Or in His judgements pay their hire.
14. Lord! Thou hast seen his impious spight,
Whose hand their follies can requite.
He trusts on Thee, whom woes oppresse,
Who still do't help the fatherlesse.
15. Break Thou their wicked arme at length,
And let them perish by Thy strength.
16. Thou canst, O Lord, Eternall King,
The Heathen to destruction bring.
17. Thou

17. Thou hear'st Thy servants humble plaint;
 Prepar'st their heart, art swift to grant:
 18. To judge the poore and fatherlesse,
 That men of earth no more oppresse.



P S A L. XI.

1. **I**N God I put my trust : How then
 Do yee reproachfull men
 Say, To the mountaines flie my soule,
 Like to the chased fowle ?
 2. For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
 Their deadly shafts to throw ;
 That privily in darknesse they
 Th' upright in heart may slay.
 3. If the foundations perish so ,
 What can the righteous do ?
 4. But in His Temple God resides ,
 Whose throne in Heaven abides.
 He all beholds with searching eye,
 The Sons of men to try.
 The Lord His righteous servants proves ;
 Hates him oppression loves.
 He snares, with fire and brimstone showres,
 Upon the wicked powres :

Black tempests are by Him rais'd up,
The portion of their cup.

7. For the just God doth those respect
Who righteousness affect.

His countenance, and favour bright
Beholdeth the upright.



P S A L: XII.

1. **H**Elpe Lord, for godly men decrease;
Goodnesse on earth doth cease:
And, like all other Mortals fraile,
The faithfull Persons faile.

2. Each to his neighbour vainly speakes,
And to deceive him seekes;
With fratt'ring Lips, and double hearts,
They use deceitfull arts.

3. God shall cut off their guilefull tongues,
Pust up with pride and wrongs:

4. Who say, Our words their ends shall gaine:
What Lord can us restraine?

5. But for th'oppressions of the poore,
Whose sighes their want deplore;

Now, saith the Lord, will I arise
To ease their miseries.

6. The

6. The words, which from the Lord we heare,
Are pure, and most sincere :
As Silver in the fornace try'd,
And sev'n times purifi'd.
7. Thou shalt, O Lord, keep Thine Elect,
And from this race protect.
8. The wicked live esteem'd, and prais'd,
When vilest men are rais'd.



P S A L. XIII.

1. **H**ow long Lord ! Wilt Thou me forget?
Who am with woes beset.
Shall I still languish in disgrace,
Whil'st Thou dost hide thy Face ?
2. How long shall I without reliefe
Take counsaile of my griefe ?
How long wilt Thou my soule expose
To hir insulting foes ?
3. Consider, Lord ! my Prayer heare,
When I my hands up-reare.
Lighten mine eyes, ere losse of breath
Cause me to sleep in death.
4. Lest that mine enemy prevaile,
Triumphing when I faile :

And

PSALME XIV.

19

And those that trouble me be glad,
When they behold me sad.

5. But in thy Mercy, Lord, and Grace,
My constant trust I place.

My glad heart shall rejoyce alone
In thy salvation.

6. I will my gratefull Anthems sing
Unto the Heavenly King;
Who with such bountifull regard
His servants doth reward.



PSAL. XIV. *Sing this as Psalme 100.*

1. **T**He fool within his heart hath said,
There is no God that all things made;
Corrupt and wicked are their facts;
Nor is there one who goodnesse acts.

2. The Lord from Heaven downe did looke,
And view of all mans children tooke:
To see if any knowledge sought,
Or upon God would place his thought.

3. But all of them are gone aside,
And in their filthinesse abide:

Throughout

Throughout their numbers there is none
That good performeth; No, not one.

4. Do then all knowledge thus defy
Those workers of iniquity?
Who eat my people up as bread,
And never God have worshipped.
5. Affrighted they, and stricken were
With great amaze, and sudden feare.
For God amongst the righteous race
Is ever present by His Grace.
6. The poore mans counsaile, and his faith
Your shamelesse malice mocked hath;
Because he God his refuge makes,
And sure protection from Him takes.
7. O who, that Israël may live,
Salvation will from Sion give?
When God shall His from bondage free,
Then *Jacobs* race shall joyfull bee.



P S A L. XV.

1. **L**ord! who shall in thy dwelling bide?
Or on Thy Hill reside?

Ev'n

PSALME XVI.

21

2. Ev'n he whose life, and deeds are right;
Whose words in truth delight.

3. He who reviles not with his tongue,
Nor doth his neighbour wrong:
Who none with slanders doth backbite,
Or undeserved spight.

4. Who in his pure, impartiall eyes
Vile persons doth despise:
But love and honour doth afford
To them that feare the Lord.

5. Whose mind not alters, if he sweare,
Though he a looser were:

6. Nor by extortion wealth contracts,
Nor lawlesse use exacts.

Nor to betray the innocent
For wicked bribes is bent.

7. Who so doth this, shall never move
Out of his Makers love.



PSAL. XVI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **P** Reserve O God, and succour mee,
Who put my faithfull trust in Thee.

2. Thou

2. Thou O my Soule to Him hast said,
Thou art my Lord and only aid.
To Thee my goodnes not extends,
No merit nor perfection lends.
3. But my delight on Saints is plac'd,
By most excellling vertues grac'd.
4. Their sorrowes shall be multiply'd,
Who have on other Gods rely'd:
To These I no burnt offering,
Nor bloody sacrifice will bring;
Of them I neither mention make,
Nor in my lips their Names will take.
5. Thou only, Who my portion art,
Shalt have the duties of my heart.

God fills my Cup, and doth advance
The lot of mine inheritance:

6. My lines in pleasant places lay'd
A wealthy heritage have made.
7. Thee therefore will I ever bless,
Who gav'st me counsell in distress,
And by Thy warnings do'st invite
My reines to serve Thee in the night.
8. I set the Lord before mine ey,
And hold Him in my memory;
Whil't He assits at my right hand,
I stedfast and unmoved stand.

PSALME XVII.

23

9. This glads my heart, my Glory shall
Rejoyce, how low so ere I fall :
And in the grave my flesh shall rest,
With hope to Rise againe posselt.
10. Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell
Eternally condemn'd to dwell ;
Nor sufferest Thy Holy one
In death to see corruption.
11. Thou wilt the path of Life declare,
At whose Right Hand and Presence are
Such pleasures which no time shall end,
And joyes no thought can comprehend.



P S A L. XVII.

1. **L**Ord heare the right, my cry attend ;
My pray'r, which lips unfeigned send :]
2. Judge me, and with impartiall eye
Behold my causes equity.
3. Thou prov'st my heart, and in the night
Visit'st, and try'st, and find'st me right.
I in my purpos'd thoughts professe,
That never shall my mouth transgresse.
4. Thy

4. Thy word hath kept me from mens works,
And pathes where the destroyer lurkes.
5. Hold up my goings in thy way,
That so my footsteps never stray.
6. I call'd on thee, who ar't inclin'd
My voyce to heare, my speech to mind.
7. O shew thy kindnes, thou, whose hand
Sav'it them that trust, when foes with-
(stand.
8. Keep as the Apple of the eye,
And by Thee shadow'd let me lye :
9. From wicked men, and deadly foes,
Whose strong oppressions me enclose.
10. For they with fatnes swell'n, and pride,
11. Have compass'd us, and closely ey'd :
12. Like Lions greedy of their prey,
Or Lions whelps, they lurking lay.
13. Arise O Lord, and in thy frowne,
Both disappoint, and cast him downe.
Deliv'rance to my soul afford
From wicked men, who are thy sword.
14. From men, I say, who are thy hand,
To punish sinners in the land :
Whom pleasures of the world enslave,
And in this life their portion have.

Thou giv'st them treasure at their will,
Their belly do'st with plenty fill :

Who

- Who full of Children at their death
 Their substance to their race bequeath;
 15. But I behold Thy glorious sight
 And presence will in endlesse light;
 And wak'd from death, with thee abide,
 With Thy blest likenesse satisfi'd.



PSAL. XVIII. *Sing this as Psalme 51.*

1. **I** Thee will love, O Lord my pow'r;
 Thou art my fortresse, rock, and tow'r:
2. My God, my trust, my confidence;
 My horne of safety, and defence.
3. To God most prais'd I send my Cries,
 Who saves me from mine enemies:
4. When pangs of circling death prevail'd,
 And floods of wicked men assail'd.
5. I compass'd am with paines of Hell;
 The snares of death about me dwell.
6. To God I cry'd, distrest and griev'd;
 Who from His Temple me reliev'd.
7. The earth then trembled at His wrath,
 Which His foundations shaken hath.
8. A smoake from out His nostrills came,
 And from His mouth devouring flame.

C

9. He

26 P S A L M E XVIII.

9. He bow'd the Heavens, and came downe;
Beneath His feet was darknesse throw'n:
10. On flying Cherubs He did ride;
11. On wings of Wind through Heaven glide:
Thick darknesse His Pavilion made;
And watry Clouds the sky orelay'd.
12. Yet at His brightnesse those gave place;
Whilst haile and fire powr'd down a-
(pace.
- 13 His voyce was heard in thunders loud;
And coales fell from the breaking Cloud:
14. His shafts dispers'd them, as they flew,
Their force His darted lightnings flew.
15. The Oceans Chanell did appear;
The world's foundations naked were,
At Thy rebuke, O Lord, and blast,
Which Thy incens'd Nostrills cast.
16. He me from many waters tooke,
17. My too strong foes with vengeance strook.
18. They me in day of trouble seiz'd;
But God my stay those sorrowes eas'd.
19. He brought me to a spacious place,
Deliv'ring me through His free grace.
20. He did my righteousness regard,
And cleannesse of my hands reward.
21. For I the wayes of God have kept;
Nor wickedly His precepts left.

24. His

22. His judgments I, and statutes, prize ;
Still placing them before my eyes.
23. I perfect was, and innocent ;
Nor to ungodly courses bent ;
24. Therefore as guiltlesse, and upright,
I am rewarded in His fight.

Second Part.

25. Thou to the mercifull art kind ;
26. And pure, where Thou dost purenesse find.
27. But with the froward art perverse ;
Dost save the poor, the proud disperse.
28. For thou my candle wilt make bright,
And turne my darknesse into light.
29. By Thee I made a Troop to fall ; (wall.
And through my God leap'd ore a
30. God's way is perfect, His word try'd
Doth as a shield the faithfull hide.
31. Who can like Him a Saviour be ?
Or who a Rock to us, but He ?
32. Tis God that girdeth me with might,
And keepes me in my wayes upright :
33. My feet, like Hind's, He maketh swift,
And to high places doth me lift.
34. Tis He doth teach my hands to warre ;
Steel bowes by them now broken are.
35. Thou wast my shield, Thy hand sustain'd :
I through Thy favour greatnesse gain'd.

36. My feet enlarged have not fail'd ;
37. 'Gainst foes pursuit my hands prevail'd :
38. Whose pride now quite confounded lies,
Wounded and fall'n, no more to rise.
39. Thou girdest me with strength for fight,
And hast subdu'd the rebels might :
40. Their captive necks below me bend,
And in deserv'd destruction end.
41. They cry'd for safety, 'midst their feare ;
But God nor help them would, nor hear.
42. Like dust blow'n up, so did I beat,
And tread them downe in their retreat.
43. From mutiny, and peoples strife
O Lord, Thou resku'd hast my life.
My head ore Nations Thou dost crowne ;
Those serve me, whom I have not know'n.
44. Soone as they heare, they me obay ;
And strangers stoop unto my sway.
45. The aliens away shall fade,
And their close places leave dismai'd.
46. Blest be my Rock, who ever lives ;
Exalt Him, who Salvation gives.
47. Tis God whose vengeance doth pursue,
And people under me subdue.
48. He saves me from mine enemies,
And lifts me up 'bove those that rise.

He is my reskue, my defence,
From men of blood and violence.

49. Therefore will I to Thee O Lord,
My thanks Eternally record:
Amongst the Heathen speake Thy fame,
And praises sing unto Thy Name.
30. He great deliverance doth bring,
In love to His annointed King:
His mercies doth on *David* powre,
And on his seed, for evermore.



PSAL. XIX.

1. **T**He Heavens high declare the fame
Of God, who did them frame.
2. One day another tels, and night
His wonders doth recite.
3. They have no language, yet they teach,
Without or tongue, or speech:
4. And through the earth their sound is gone
To every Nation.

God in the Circle of those spheares
A Tabernacle reares;

In which the swift, unweary'd Sun
His daily course may run.

5. Who, as a Bridegroom freshlly deckt,
Doth on the world reflect:
And, as a Giant strong in might,
Darts forth his piercing light.

6. He breaking from the Easterne skies
Doth from his Chambers rise:
And till his beames declining set,
Nothing can shun his heat.

7. Gods Law is incorrupt, and whole;
Converting every Soule.
His faithfull promise never dies;
And makes the simple wise.

8. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And drooping hearts delight.
Both pure, and perfect, His command
Gives light to understand.

9. Most unpolluted is His feare,
Eternall, and sincere.
The judgments of the Lord are fixt;
With Truth and Justice mixt.

10. More to be wish'd then golden mines,
When them the test refines: And

And more then hony that distills,
The mouth with sweetnesse-fills.

11. By These Thy servant warned is,
Oft as he goes amisse :
Which yeeld a plentiful reward
To all that Them regard.

12. Who knowes how often he offends ?
How far his sin extends ?
Lord cleanse my Soule from crimes conceal'd,
To none but Thee reveal'd.

13. Keep me, that no presumptuous staine
May ore Thy Servant reigne.
Then shall I walke in innocence,
Free from the great offence.

14. O Lord ! my only strength and tow'r,
Who sav'st me by Thy pow'r ;
Let all my words, and thoughts, by Thee
Heard, and accepted be.



PSAL. XX.

1. **T**He Lord in thy afflictions day
Give care when thou dost pray.

The Name of *Iacob's* God defend,
On whom thy hopes depend.

2. Help from His Sanctuary send,
And strength from *Sion* lend.

3. Thy Gifts in His remembrance prize;
Accept thy sacrifice.

4 May He, who comforts doth inspire,
Grant thee thy heart's desire:
Make thee enjoy thy wishes still;
Thy counsailes all fulfill.

5. With thankfull and triumphant voyce
We in Thy help rejoyce:
And in Thy Name our banners reare,
Who wilt thy servants heare.

6. Now know I, God, who power gave,
Doth His Anointed save.
He heares from Heav'n, and His right hand
Makes him in safety stand.

7. Some in their armed Chariots force,
Some put their trust in horse:
But we remember will the Lord,
Whose Name doth strength afford.

8. They are brought down, and fall'n in war;
We rays'd in triumph are.

9. O save us Lord, great Heavens King,
Heare those requests we bring.



P S A L. XXI.

1. **T**He King shall in Thy strength be glad ;
Through Thee with safety clad.
2. Thou gav'st him all his heart desir'd,
And what his lips requir'd.
3. Thou didst no good from him withhold ;
Crownd'st him with purest gold.
4. He asked life, and Thou didst give
Him endlesse dayes to live.
5. Great Majesty doth him invest,
Through Thy Salvation blest .
Thou giv'st him joy, and lasting grace,
The favour of Thy face.
7. The King on God his trust hath plac't,
Whose Mercy keeps Him fast :
8. Thy right hand all Thy foes shall find,
Whose hate 'gainst Thee combin'd.
9. Thy wrath shall those, who Thee forsake,
A fiery Oven make.

The Lord shall swallow them in ire,
By His revenges fire.

10. Their fruit shalt Thou destroy from earth,
Root out their childrens birth ;

11. For they 'gainst Thee did ill invent,
Though fayl'd in their intent.

12. When at their face Thine arrowes aime,
They turn their back with shame,

13. O Lord ! Thy strength and glory raise ;
So we Thy pow'r will praise.



PSAL. XXII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **M**Y God, My God upon me look ;
O wherefore hast Thou me forsook ?
Why help'st Thou not, when I implore ?
Nor hear'st, when I through anguish roare ?

2 O God by day to Thee I cry ;
But Thou Thy audience dost deny :
And in the night, when I should sleep,
My sorrowes will not silence keep.

3. But Thou in Holinesse dost dwell,
O Thou the praise of Israel !

4. Our

4. Our Fathers plac'd their trust in Thee ;
And Thy deliverance set them free. (feare,
5. They cry'd to Thee, surpriz'd with
And from Confusion saved were.
6. But I a worme, and no man am ;
Reproach of men, and peoples shame.
- 7 Beholders Me their pastime make ,
Shoot out their lip, their head they shake.
8. He trusted God, that He would save :
See, if from him he safety have. (womb;
9. But Thou didst take me from the
And ever since my hope become.
10. On Thee, when on the breast I hung,
And from the birth, my care was
(flung.
11. When trouble's neare, O be not far :
Since left to me no helpers are.
12. For many bulls with bellowing sound,
Strong bulls of *Bashan* girt me round.
13. They gape like Lions Me about ;
14. I am like water powred out.
My bones disjoynted torture crackes ;
My heart within me melts like Waxe.
- 15 My strength is like a Pot-sheard dry'd ;
My tongue up to my Palate ty'd.
16. Thou brought'st me down unto the grave:
For dogs my life encompass have.

- Assemblies of the wicked meet ;
 They pierced have my hands and feet :
 17. My bones stick out, consum'd and bare;
 Whil'st they remorselesse on me stare.

 18. They now to part my garments hast,
 And Lots upon my vesture cast.
 19. But be not far from me, O Lord ;
 20. My soule deliver from the sword.
 21 My darling save from rav'ning jaws
 Of dogs, and from the Lions pawes.
 For thou hast heard me from the hornes
 Of fierce assaying Unicorne.

 22. I to my brethren will proclaime
 The Praises due to Thy great Name.
 23. Yee that fear God, all *Jacobs* line,
 And *Israëls* seed in Prayes joyne.
 24. Th' afflicted He did nere despise ;
 Nor hid His face, but heard their cries.
 25. My praise, and vows devout to Thee
 Shall in thy Church performed be.

 26. He to the meeke will plenty give :
 The hearts, that seek Him, ever live.
 27. Far as the world extends it's bound,
 Religious Converts shall be found.
 They shall remember, and implore ;
 And ev'ry Kindred Him adore.

28 For God's the Kingdome is, whose fway
All Nations of the Earth obey.

29. The rich, who on Earth's fatnesse feed ;
Ev'n to the Soule that dies for need ;
All from the throne unto the dust,
Before Him bow, and worship must.

30. All these shall serve Him in their seed,
And sons to God adopted breed :

31. Who to succession shall proclaime
His righteousness, and awfull Name.



P S A L. XXIII.

1. **T**He Lord my Shepheard is, and guide ;
I shall no want abide.

2. He makes me lye in fruitfull meads,
And by stil waters leads.

3. My Soule to danger given ore
He doth againe restore ;
And guides me in the righteous path
His Name elected hath.

4. Yea though in vale of darknesse lay'd,
Or death's more ghastly shade,

I feare.

I feare no ill : Thy rod, and staffe
Direct, and keep me safe.

5. Thou dost for me a plenteous fare
Before my foes prepare.

Thou dost with oyle annoint my head ;
My flowing Cup doth shed.

6. Thy mercy sure shall me attend,
Untill my Life doth end :
And in the House of God will I
Remaine Eternally.



P S A L: XXIV.

1. **E** Arth is the Lords, with hir encrease ;
And all that there have place.
2. He founded it upon the Seas,
And made the floods hir base.
3. Who in God's Holy Place shall stand ;
Or on His Hill appeare ?
4. He, who is pure in Heart, and hand ;
Nor to deceive doth sweare.
5. He blessings shall from God receive,
And righteousness from high.

6. This

6. This is their race, who God believe,
And to His sight are nigh.

7. Lift up yee Gates, lift up your head,
Yee Doores Eternall spread :
The King of Glory shall come in ;
And his approach begin.

8. Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our Praises sing ?
The Lord in Battaile mighty, This
The King of Glory is.

9. Lift up yee Gates, lift up your Head,
Yee Doores Eternall spread.
The King of Glory shall come in,
And his approach begin.

10. Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our Praises sing ?
The Lord in Battell mighty, This
The King of Glory is.



P S A L. XXV.

1. **W** Ith Thoughts lift up to Thee
O God my Soule doth see.

2. To

40 P S A L M E XXV.

2. To shame O never me expose;
Nor triumph of my foes.
3. Let those be free from shame,
Who wait upon Thy Name;
But let them feele it, who Thy Lawes
Transgresse without a cause.
4. Thy wayes unto me shew;
Teach me Thy truth to know.
5. Thon art the God do't me defend;
On Thee I still depend.
6. Thinke on Thy mercies Lord!
Thy ancient love record.
7. Remember not my sins of youth;
But save me in Thy truth.
8. Good is the Lord: His ways
To sinners He displaies.
9. The meek He will in judgment guide,
Who in His precepts bide.
10. His paths with truth abound;
Great mercies there are found:
Which He unto all such doth grant,
Who keep his Covenant.
11. O for Thy Names sake Lord,
Pardon to me afford!

And

PSALME XXV.

41

And with my heinous crime dispense;
For great is mine offence.

12. To him that feares, He shewes
The way which he shall chuse;

13. His Soule shall dwell at ease; his race
Shall long on earth have place.

14. To them who God do feare,
His secret shall appeare.

He will His Covenant declare
To such as faithfull are.

15. Mine eyes on God are set,
Who plucks me from the net;

16. O Lord to ~~me~~ in mercy turns,
Afflicted, & forlorne.

17. My heart's distresse is large:
O Thou my woes discharge.

18. Look on the paine wherein I live,
And all my sins forgive.

19. Thinke on my many foes,
Whose hate most cruell growes:

20. O keep my soule from scandall free,
Who put my trust in Thee.

21. Let Justice me defend,
Who on Thy grace attend.

22. Thy

22. Thy Israël O God release,
And all his troubles ease.



PSAL. XXVI.

1. **I**udge me (O God,) for in Thy path
My foot insisted hath.
My trust hath on Thee Lord rely'd;
Therefore I shall not slide.

2. Examine me (O Lord,) and try;
My reins and heart descry.

3. Thy mercy still is in my fight;
Thy truth hath kept me right.

4. I have not with vaine persons sate,
Or those that use deceit:

5. Ill congregations I detest;
Nor am the sinners guest.

6. In innocence Ile wash my hand;
So at Thine Altar stand:

7. That I may publish in my Song
What thanks to Thee belong.

8 O Lord! devoutly I affect
The House Thou dost Elect.

I Love

I Love the honour of that Place
Thy presence deignes to grace.

9. Shut not my foule, nor judge my life,
With men of blood and strife :

10. Whose arme it selfe in mischief lifts ;
Whose hand is fill'd with gifts.

11. In mine integrity I goe ;
Save me, and mercy show.

12. So will I Praise Thee, when my feet
Within Thy Temple meet.



P S A L. XXVII.

Sing this as Psalm 51.

1. **G**Od my Salvation is, and Light :
What terrour then shall me affright ?
My life's sole strength He is, and aid.
Of whom then shall I be afraid ?

2. When wicked men, mine enemies,
Conspiring did against me rise ;
When they approach'd my flesh to eat,
They stumbling fell in their retreat.

3. Although an host encamped were ;
My heart their numbers shall not feare.

And

And though a War against me rise,
My confidence shall them despise.

4. One thing of God I have desir'd;
That I, unto His House retir'd, (old,
Might spend my dayes, & there grow
His Temples beauty to behold.

5. For He, when times of trouble threat,
Will me in his Pavilion seat;
Within His Tabernacle hide,
And safety on a rock provide.

6. And now my head up-lifted shall
Behold my foes encircling fall:
Therefore glad Songs, and sacrifice,
With praises to Thy throne shall rise.

7. Heare, (O my Lord,) and when I cry,
In mercy to my voyce reply.

8. When Thou command'st: Seek ye my face;
My heart O Lord, I seek Thee, saies.

9. Hide not Thy face from me in ire;
Nor leave me helpleffe, I desire:

10. Who, when my Parents me forsake,
Wilt me unto Thy favour take.

11. Teach me, O Lord Thy wayes to tread;
In pathes of truth and plainnesse lead.

12. Nor leave me to their cruell will,
Who raise false witnesse, me to kill.

13. I fainted had, but for beleife,
In endlesse life to find releife.
Wait on the Lord, of courage be ;
O wait on Him, will strengthen Thee.



PSAL. XXVIII.

1. **T**O Thee (O Lord) my Rock, I cry;
Forbeare not to reply :
Least I be, if Thou silence keep,
Like those in death that sleep.
2. Heare Thou the voyce of my request,
In accents lowd exprest :
When I with lifted hands entreat
Before thy Mercy seat.
3. O draw me not with sinners hence,
Whose works are Thy offence : (wreake,
Who when their hearts would mischief
Peace to their neighbour speake.
4. Give them according to their deeds,
And wicked labours seeds :
And in the workes they did invent,
Render their punishment.
5. Because

5. Because Gods works they set at nought,
And what His hand hath wrought ;
He cast them to destruction shall ;
Nor build them when they fall.
6. Blessed be God, who when I pray'd,
Became my shield, and aid.
7. Therefore my heart in Songs of Praise
With joy His fame shall raise.
8. He His Anointed doth defend ;
Strength to His Servants send.
9. Thy people save ; Thine Heritance
To endlesse blisse advance.



P S A L. XXIX.

1. **Y**EE Mighty in your Race, and Tribe,
Glory to God ascribe.
2. In beauty of His holinesse
His Name adore and bleffe.
3. The Lord by His commanding voyce
Brings downe the Waters noyse.
The Glorious God the Thunder makes,
Which earth's foundation shakes.

4. He

4. He rules the Sea with pow'r from high,
Dreadfull in Majesty.
5. His voyce, when He in fury speakes,
The lofty Cedars breaks.
6. Like sporting Calves the Mountaines skip;
Great *Lebanon* doth leap:
And *Syrion*, by his Motion borne,
Like a young Unicorne.
7. His voyce the flames of fire divides,
From clouds when Lightning glides.
8. At His rebuke the desert quakes,
And barren *Kadesh* shakes.
9. Bring forth He makes the frighted Hinds;
Rends Forrests with His Winds.
And all His glory must declare,
Who in His Temple are.
10. God sits above the Watry maine;
Doth King for ever reigne.
11. He will His peoples strength encrease,
And blesse them long with peace.



PSAL. XXX. *Sing this as the
Lamentation.*

- 1 **O** Lord, I Thee will magnifie;
For Thou hast lifted me on high :
Nor madest me a scorne to those,
Who were my lifes professed foes.
2. O Lord my God, I cry'd to Thee,
Who hast in mercy healed me. (grave,
My Soule Thou brough test from the
And from the pit of Hell didst save.
4. O all ye Saints your voyces raise
To sing your Makers endlesse praise :
Remember still with thanks to blesse,
And magnifie His Holinesse.
5. For but a Moment lasts His wrath,
His favour life restored hath.
Our weeping may endure a night,
But joy comes with the morning light.
6. In my prosperity I said,
My bases are for ever lay'd :
I shall not from my place remove,
But stand supported by Thy love.

7. No

PSALME XXX.

No change of times, or fortunes hate
Can overthrow my happy state :
For thou my Mountaine mad'st so strong,
I shall on earth continue long.

Yet, whilst exalted in my thought,
I was to suddaine trouble brought :
And soon as Thou didst hide Thy face,
My comforts vanish'd hence apace.

8. Then unto Thee, O Lord, did I
With humble supplication cry.
I did to God my plaint addresse,
Thus powring forth my heavinesse.

9. O Thou most Glorious, most Good,
What profit is there in my blood ?
What triumph canst Thou gaine by it,
When I goe downe into the pit ?
Shall silent dust, or darknesse have
A tongue to praise Thee in the grave ?
Or those, in earth who closed are,
From their low Cells Thy truth declare ?

10. O Lord Thine eare of mercy lend,
And from Thy dwelling succour send.

11. For Thou the cause, for which I mourn'd,
Hast into Songs and Dances turn'd.
My Sack-cloath Thou didst off me take,
And cheerfull robes of gladnesse make :

D

12. That

12. That l Thy praises might renew ;
To whom incessant thanks are due.



P S A L. XXXI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **I**N Thee O Lord I put my trust :
Save me from shame, as Thou art just.
2. Bow downe Thy gracious eare with speed ;
Be Thou my strong defence at need.
3. For Thou, my Rock, do'it me protect :
O for Thy Names sake me direct !
4. Pull me from out the dang'rous net
Which they for me have closely set.
5. My spirit I to Thee commit,
For Thou, O God, did'st purchase it.
6. I hate all those, love vanities ;
But on the Lord my trust relies.
7. I joy in Thy compassion show'n,
Who hast my Soule in trouble know'n.
8. Thou didst from hostile hands discharge,
To liberty my feet enlarge.
9. Have mercy (Lord) and send reliefe ;
Mine eye, and soule both wast with griefe,
10. Through

10. Through sin I sigh away my dayes :
My bones consume, my strength decays.
11. My foes reproach, my neighbours fright
I am ; whilst friends avoid my sight.
12. Like to the dead, I sit forgot,
And uselesse, as a broken pot.
13. For I their slander heard, and strife,
Who counsaile took against my life.
14. But (Lord !) my trust in Thee is lay'd ;
Thou art my God, my help, I said.
15. My fleeting times are in Thy hand,
Whose short-liv'd date by Thee is span'd.
Me never to the pow'r expose,
Or hand, of persecuting foes.
16. On me O let Thy favour shine :
To save me through Thy grace incline.
17. Thy servant let no shame befall,
Who daily on Thy Name doth call.
Let wicked men confusion have,
Put downe to silence in the grave.
18. And shut the lying lips, that use
The just by slanders to traduce.
19. O how great goodnesse hast thou wrought,
For those thee fear, whose faith thee sought?
20. Them shalt Thou in Thy presence hide,
Kept safe from mens insulting pride.

PSALME XXXII.

And from the tongues malicious strife,
As in a tow'r, defend their life.

21. Blessed be God, whose love endures ;
Whose strong protection me secures.

22. I said, though in my hast unwise,
I am cut off before Thine eyes.
Yet hast Thou not my suit deny'd;
When in my Pray'r to Thee I cry'd.

23 O Love the Lord, who His regards ;
And with revenge the proud rewards.

24. Be bold, since He such grace imparts,
To strengthen both your hopes, & hearts.



P S A L. XXXII.

1. **B**lessed is he, whose wickednesse
To pardon finds accesse :
Whose sin, with all he did amisse,
Forgot, and cover'd is.

2. Blest is the man, to whom The Lord
Imputes no crime abhord :
Whose spirit right, whose heart is freight,
And harbours no deceit.

3. When

3. When I my tongue from speech refrain'd,
I was with anguish pain'd.

My bones wax't old through discontent :
My dayes in moanes were spent.

4. Thy hand upon me heavy lay ;
Not resting night or day.

My Moisture was to nothing brought,
Like fields in Summers drought.

5. Then I to Thee my sin reveal'd,
And no offence conceal'd.

And, soon as my confession said,
My peace with Thee was made.

6. For this to Thee shall prayer sound,
What time Thou may'st be found.

Nor shall the floods, which highest goe,
Thy servants overflow.

7. Thou art a refuge me to hide
From dangers troubled tide :

With Songs of Thy delivery
I shall encompass ly.

8. I will enforme thy life, and teach,
How thou this blisse shalt reach :

And with mine eye I thee will guide,
Least thou should'st tread aside.

9. Be ye not like the horse, or mule,

Whom reason cannot rule :

Whose stubborne mouths the bit , and reine,

From fury must restraine.

10. Great plagues, and paines that never end,
For wicked men attend.

But those, in God their trust who place,
Sure mercies shall embrace.

Be glad ye righteous, and rejoyce,
Who make the Lord your choice.
With shouts alowd your joy impart
All ye upright in heart.



PSAL. XXXIII.

1. **Y**Ee righteous in the Lord delight ;
For praise becomes th'upright.

2. Let Harpe and Psaltery's consent,
The ten-string'd instrument,

3. New Songs record unto the voyce
With their melodious noise.

4. For just Gods promise is to you ;
And all His workes are true.

5. He righteousnesse and judgment wills ;
All earth his goodnesse fills. 6. The

6. The Heav'ns bright host, and all beneath
He formed with His breath.
7. He doth the waters of the deep
Heap'd in His store-house keep.
8. Let men, and all which earth doth beare,
Of Him then stand in feare.
9. He spake, and at His free commands
The world unmoved stands.
10. Mens counsailes and devises wrought
The Lord will bring to nought.
11. Yet through all ages His decree,
And thoughts unchanged be.
12. Blest is the People He protects,
And for His Lot elects.
13. The Lord from Heav'n, His dwelling (place,
14. Beheld all humane race; (thought,
15. Their hearts He fashion'd; whose each .7
And worke to light is brought.
16. No King is fav'd by multitude;
Nor man with might endu'd.
17. As vaine for safety is the horse, .7
To reskue by his force.
- .8
18. Who feare, and on Gods love relye,
Are ever in his Eye;
19. Their Soule to reskue from the grave,
And life from famine save.

20. Our soule doth wait for God our sheild;
 21. Glad hopes on Him we build.
 22. Lord let Thy mercy on us be,
 As we beleive in Thee.



P S A L. XXXIV.

1. **I** Will at all times blesse the Lord;
 His praises still record;
 2 And whilst my soule of God makes choice,
 The humble shall rejoyce.
 3. The Lord with me O magnifie;
 Exalt His Name on high;
 I sought Him, who my prayer heard,
 And sav'd from all I fear'd.
 5. They look'd to Him, and light'ned were;
 No shame their faces beare:
 6. For God did at the poor man's cry,
 Relieve his misery.
 7. His Angell those environs round,
 Who in His fear are sound.
 8. O tast, and see how good is Hee
 To such as faithfull be.
 9. O fear the Lord, yee Saints of His;
 For such no blessings misse.

10. Young Lions often lacking prey,
With hunger pine away.
But those that seek His Covenant
No good thing ever want,
11. Come children, hearken to my speech;
I you His feare will teach.
12. What man is he, long life doth crave;
Or happy dayes would have?
13. Keep thou thy tongue from wicked wile,
Thy lips from speaking guile.
14. Depart from ill, in good encrease;
Pursue, and seek for peace.
15. For on the just God casts His eyes,
His eares admit their cryes.
16. Against the bad He sets his face,
To cut them from their place.
17. The righteous cry, and God attends;
In trouble safety sends.
18. He doth in broken hearts delight,
And saveth soules contrite.
19. Great troubles on the righteous fall,
But He releives in all.
20. He keeps the number of each bone;
Nor broken shall be one.
21. Transgressors their own mischeifs slay,
And with just vengeance pay.

All such as doe the righteous hate,
Shall soone be desolate.

22. For God His servants soules redeems,
And deare their faith esteems.



PSAL. XXXV. *As Psalme 51.*

1. **P**Lead (Lord) my cause with striving foes;
Against them fight who me oppose.

2. The shield for my Protection weare;
Draw out Thy all-subduing speare.

Stop Thou my persecutors way;
Soule, I am thy salvation, say.

4. Let them drove back with shame retire,
Who to procure my hurt conspire.

5. Like chaffe before the Whirlwinds blast,
Let them be by God's Angell chas'd:

6. Darke be their way, their steps untrue;
And let His Angel them pursue.

7. For without cause they hid their snare,
And for my soule did pits prepare.

8. But let themselves surpris'd all
In their contriv'd destruction fall.

9. My soule in God shall joyfull be:

10. My bones all say; who's like to Thee?

Who

- Who keep'st the poor from suff'ring wrong,
And help'st the needy 'gainst the strong.
11. False witnesse did against me rise,
And things unknowne to me devise.
12. For good they me reward with ill,
To spoile my soule, and life to spill.
13. Yet when they lay in sicknesse cast,
I did for them both pray, and fast ;
14. As for my friend, or brother borne,
Or for my Mother did I mourne.
15. But of my trouble glad they joyn'd:
Yea abjects in my scorne combin'd.
16. The mocking hypocrites at feasts,
By flowting me, delight the guests.
17. How long wilt Thou looke on, O Lord,
Nor reskue to my soule afford ?
O save me from destructions jawes ;
My darling from the Lions pawes.
18. Then in the great assembly I
Will thanks and praises multiply.
19. Let not insulting foes despise,
Or wink upon me with their eyes.
20. They speake not peace, but practise strife,
Disturbing those of quiet life.
21. Their mouth 'gainst me they opened wide;
Ha ha, our eye hath seene it, cry'd.

22. O Lord! Thou their despight dost see :
Nor silence keep, nor absent be.
23. Stirre up Thy selfe, to judgment wake ;
My cause to Thy protection take.
24. O judge me in Thy truth, least they
25. With joy, We have him swallow'd, say.
26. But let confounding shame them cloath,
Who love my hurt, my quiet loath.
27. Let them that favour my just cause,
Extoll the Lord with lowd applause ;
Whose goodnes doth his servant raise:
28. And still my tongue shall speake Thy
(praise.



P S A L. XXXVI.

1. **M**Y heart of the transgressor saith,
No fear of God he hath.
2. Himselfe he flatters in conceit,
Becomming all mens hate.
3. His mouth doth fraud, and sin devise ;
He is nor good, nor wise.
4. He mischeife on his bed contrives,
By wayes abhorred thrives.

5. Up to the clouds Thy mercies reach ;
The hills Thy justice teach.
6. Thy judgments (Lord,) who all dost keep,
Are like th'un-fathom'd deep.
7. How doth Thy love excell ! Thy wing
Man-kind ore-shadowing.
8. Thy house to them full plenty brings,
Who drinke of Thy pure springs.
9. Thou hast lifes springs, and in Thy sight
We shall behold the light.
10. Thy kindnesse, (Lord) and grace impart
To the upright in heart.
11. Let not the foot of pride prevaile,
Nor wicked hands assaile.
12. Downe are they fall'n who ills devise ;
And never shall arise.



PSAL. XXXVII.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

- 1 **F**Ret not thy selfe, nor envious be
At those that work iniquity.
2. For they shall soon to nothing passe,
Cut downe and wither'd like the grasse.
3. Trust in the Lord, be doing good ;
So shalt thou dwelling have, and food.
4. Delight

62 PSALME XXXVII.

4. Delight in Him, and for thy hire,
He give thee will thy hearts desire.
5. Commit thy selfe to his sole care,
By whom our actions crowned are.
6. Thine innocence Hee'l bring to light,
Cleare as the day, or noon-tide bright.
7. Rest then on Him, nor 'gainst those fret,
Whose wicked projects prosper yet.
8. And cease from wrath ; least anger may
To greater evils thee betray.
9. For wicked ones are cut away ;
But good men long on earth shall stay.
10. The Sinners vanish in short space : (place.
Though sought, thou shalt not find their
11. Yet shall the meek unshaken stand,
Inheriting the promis'd land :
Their blessings here on earth encrease,
With plenty crown'd, and lasting peace.
12. Ill men with fury, and despight,
By plots would circumvent th' upright.
13. But God shall laugh, and them despise ;
Whose veng'full day is comming nigh.
14. Their sword is draw'n, their bow is bent,
To slay the just, is their intent.
15. But by their sword themselves shall dy ;
And all their bowes shall broken ly.

16. A good mans lot, though small, is more
Then wicked rich mens wealthy store.
17. Destruction shall their armes enfold;
But God the righteous doth uphold.
18. The Lord accounts the just mens age,
And will prolong their heritage;
19. In evill times not sham'd, nor griev'd;
In dayes of famine still reliev'd.

20. But Gods enraged enemies
Shall vanish as the Smoakes that rise;
Dissolv'd, and melted into fume,
As doth the fat of Lambs consume.
21. The wicked borrow, but not pay;
The good both lend, and give away.
22. Such as be blest, possesse the land;
The bad cut off, and cursed stand.

Second Part.

23. A good mans steps God orders right,
Who doth in His commands delight.
24. Though fallen, he shall rise againe;
For God's right hand doth him sustaine.
25. I have been young, and now am old;
Yet never did my eyes behold
The just forsaken, or unfed;
Or see his children beg their bread.
26. He mercy shewes, and lends in need;
And ever blessed is his seed.

64 P S A L M E. XXXVII.

27. Depart from evill, and doe well ;
That you with Him may ever dwell.
28. God judgment loves, His Saints not
But sinners of their race bereaves. (leaves;
29. The just His promis'd land possesse,
And dwell in endlesse Happinesse.
30. In judgment, and discourses wise
A righteous mouth will exercise.
31. Gods Law doth in his heart abide,
Nor shall his goings ever slide.
32. Though wicked persons daily wait,
To shed his blood confederate ;
33. God lets him not condemned ly,
Or by a wrongfull sentence dy.
34. Wait on the Lord, and keep His way ;
That He to life exalt thee may:
When thou the wicked men shalt see
Cut off, and quite extinguish'd be.
35. I in great pow'r have ill ones seen,
Like spreading Lawrells fresh and green:
36. Yet pass'd he by, and soon was gone ;
Not found againe, nor thought upon.
37. Marke the upright, the just intend ;
For such a man in peace shall end.
38. But sinners, to destruction cast,
Are in their death cut off at last.

39. God

39. God to the righteous help doth raise;
He is their strength in troubled dayes.
His aid shall save them from th'unjust;
Because in Him they plant their trust.



P S A L. XXXVIII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **L**ord! let me not in anger wast,
Nor Thy rebukes in fury tast.
2. Thy piercing arrowes deeply wound;
Thy pressing hand doth me confound.
3. My sickly body finds no ease,
Because my sinne doth Thee displease.
Nor will that guilt Thou dost detest
Afford my troubled conscience rest.
4. My sins, like to a torrent grow'n,
My sinking head have overflow'n.
They burthen me with care, and feare;
And are become too great to beare.
5. My sores, and wounds corrupted smell,
My foule offence, and folly tell:
6. Bow'd downe with trouble, and forlorne,
By night I wake, by day I mourne.
7. My

7. My loynes diseas'd, my flesh unsound;
And all my body seems one wound.
8. I feeble am, with anguish broake,
And roare beneath They heavy stroak.
9. O Lord, Thou know'st my whole desire;
My hidden groanes to Thee aspire.
10. My heart doth pant, my vigour dies;
Of light deprived are mine eyes.
11. My friends, who late professed love,
Far from my sore themselves remove.
My kindred my converses shun;
Nor come to comfort, but look on.
12. They, who my life seek to ensnare,
Intent upon my mischiefes are.
With foule reproaches, and false lies,
My ruin daily they devise.
13. But I, as those nor heare, nor speake,
Did never into passion breake:
14. No angry murmur from me fell,
Which might my griefes impatience tell.
15. For I in Thee my trust repose,
To heare my moane, and quell my foes.
16. Who, when my foot amisse did goe,
Triumphed at my overthrow.
17. With woes opprest I daily fall,
My sorrowes are continuall:

And

And whilst my faults are in my view,
They do as oft my paine renew.

18. I therefore will those sins confesse,
And with contrition beg redresse.

I will the guilt of my offence
Wash off with teares of penitence.

19. O Lord! mine enemies are strong,
And live to do me further wrong.
Each day their number doth encrease,
Who are the haters of my peace.

20. They also have against me stood,
Who make returnes of ill for good:
Yet know no cause for their despight,
But that I follow what is right.

21. Therefore my sad request I make,
That Thou wilt never me forsake.
My God! O never far depart,
Who my releife, and comfort art.

22. My sighs, and sorrowes look upon,
Thou God of my salvation:
Afford thy help in time of need,
And to my rescue come with speed.



P S A L. XXXIX.

1. **I** Said my wayes I will intend,
And least my tongue offend,
My mouth shall bownd and bridled bee,
Whilst I the wicked see.
2. I dumb awhile and silent stood,
Ev'n ceasing to speak good;
Untill at last my griev'd heart
Was urg'd with sorrowes smart :
3. So that my heated breast became
For lack of vent a flame ;
And then my tongue these words exprest,
Breath'd forth from my disrest.
4. Lord ! Let me understand my end,
How farr my dayes extend ;
That I may know how I am fraile,
Each moment apt to faile.
5. Behold Thou mad'st the dayes of man
No longer then a span :
His age as nothing is, and he
At best but vanitie :

6. Man like a shadow walkes in vaine,
Wasting his time with paine;
He heapes up riches, yet not knowes
What heire shall them dispose.
7. And now O Lord! on whom shall I
Whilst I stay here rely?
Truly my hope shall wait on Thee,
My joyes there treasur'd be.
8. Deliver me when I transgresse,
And help me in distresse;
Let not the foolish me deride,
Or scorne me in their pride.
9. Under Thy scourge I silent lay
Prepared to obay:
I did not murmur at my paine,
Or of Thy hand complaine.
10. Yet now Thy mercies I invoke,
To take away Thy stroke;
For I consume, and my faint breath
Is yeelding up to death.
11. When Thou for sin dost man correct,
Rebuking his neglect,
Thou mak'st his beauty soone consume
Like to the wandring fume.
Sicknesse destroyes him, as a moath
Corrodes and frets the cloath.

So vaine is man, and quickly gone
Into corruption.

12. Lord heare my cry ! let not thine eares
Be deaf unto my teares :
For I with Thee a stranger am,
And but to sojourne came.
13. O spare my time a little length,
Till I recover strength,
Before I goe from this worlds shore,
And shall be seene no more.



P S A L. XL.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **I** Patient did for God attend,
Who to my cry His eare did lend :
2. From horror's pit He did me pluck,
And miry clay wherein I stuck.
And on the rock He set my feet, (fleet.
From whence my goings nere should
3. My mouth new songs of praises fill;
That men may feare, and trust Him still.
4. The man most happy is, and blest,
Whose constant faith on God doth rest :
And

And never will the proud ones prize,
Nor such as turne aside to lies.

5. Lord! many are Thy wonders wrought,
And loving towards us is Thy thought:
If I would speak and them declare,
They more then can be numbred are.

6. No sacrifice Thou did'st desire,
Nor sin·oblation burnt in fire.
Thou pierc'd, and open'd hast mine eare;
(To shew what gifts more pleasing were:)

7. Then said I; Lo, I come: Of old
The volume of the booke foretold:

8. Lord! I to do Thy will delight;
Yea in my heart Thy Law I write.

9. Thy righteousness my lips did teach,
Thy truth in great assemblies preach:

10. Thy word I hid not, or conceal'd;
But unto men Thy love reveal'd.

11. Thy tender mercies nere remove,
But still preserve me in Thy love:

12. For more in number then my haire
My sin·prest soule is vext with cares.

13. Be pleas'd to save, and keep me fast;
O Lord! to give me help make hast.

14. Let them confounded be with shame,
Who at my soules destruction aime,

- Let them repulsed backe retire,
 Who wish my fall, or hurt desire.
15. Let them be sham'd, and desolate,
 Who, Fy upon thee, say in hate.
16. Let all that seek Thy glorious Name,
 Their joyes and comforts loud proclaime:
 Let all, who Thy salvation love,
 Say alwayes, Prais'd be God above.
17. Though poore, and needy I am brought,
 Thou not exclud'st me from Thy
 Thou my redeemer art, & stay; (thought.
 My God! O make no long delay.



P S A L. XLI.

*Sing this as the Prayer after the
 Commandements.*

1. **B**lessed is he, the poor who minds;
 He help from God in trouble finds.
2. The Lord preserves, and life supplies,
 Nor gives him up to enemies.
3. When languishing upon his bed,
 By God he shall be strengthened:

By Thee, when weak and lowest layd,
His bed is in his sicknesse made.

4. I said, my soule in mercy save;
For, (Lord,) 'gainst Thee I sinned have.
5. My foes thus speak : When shall he dy?
And loose both Name, and Memory?
6. Even those, to see me who resort,
When gone, traduce me in report.
7. My haters whisper, and devise
To hurt me in their calumnies.
8. Sick of a fowle disease he lies,
(Say they,) and never more shall rise :
9. Yea my near friend, who eat my bread,
Lifts up his heel to spurne my head.
10. Lord ! raise me from this wofull plight,
That I their malice may requite.
11. I shall in this Thy favour know,
If not triumphed by my foe.
12. Thou do'st my innocence sustaine,
And in Thy presence me retaine.
13. Blest be the God of *Iacob* then
Through all enduring times: Amen.



P S A L. XLII.

1. **A**S the chas'd Hart distrest with heat,
 Flies to the Brookes retreat :
 O God ! my soule pursu'd, and faint,
 So after Thee doth pant.

2. My soule, to care and sorrow curst,
 For God doth hourelly thirst.
 When shall I come Thy presence neare,
 And in Thy sight appeare ?

3. But teares, which day and night did fall,
 I had no meat at all :
 While they, where is thy God do cry,
 On whom thou dost rely ?

4. Remembring this, my soule I powre,
 And those glad times deplore,
 When to Thy house we throng'd with praise,
 To keep Thy Holy daies.

5. Why, O my soule, art thou perplext ?
 My heart cast downe and vext ?
 Hope thou in God, and praise Him still,
 Whose help up-raise thee will.

6. O God, my soule cast downe with greife,
Within finds no releife.
But Jordans Land, and Hermon hill
I will remember still.

7. One deep upon another calls,
At Thy loud Water-falls :
Thy waves, and billowes highest run,
All over me have gone.

8. The Lord yet sends His favours ray ;
To shine on me by day :
And I my songs and Pray'rs all night
Send to the God of light.

9. To God Ile say, My Rock, and strength !
Am I forgot at length ?
Before my foes why do I mourne,
Oppressed, and forlorne ?

10. At their reproach, with scoffing mixt,
I am with swords transfixt :
Whilst flouting at my misery,
Where is Thy God? they cry.

11. Why, O my soule, art thou perplext ?
My heart cast downe, and vext ?
Hope thou in God, and praise Him still ;
Whose help up-raise thee will.



P S A L. XLIII.

1. **I**udge me (O Lord) and plead my cause
With them that know no Lawes.

Deliver me from the unjust,
In fraud and wrong that trust.

2. Thou (God!) canst only me protect:
Why dost Thou me reject?

Why goe I thus in mourning drest,
By enemies opprest?

3. O send Thy Glorious beams of light,
Thy truth to keep me right?
That of Thy holy dwellings I
May make discovery.

4. Then will I to Thy altar bring
A joyfull offering:
And on the harp my ditties raise,
To celebrate Thy praise.

5. Why droop'st thou then, my Soule, so fast,
Downe in thy sorrowes cast?
Or wherefore, my afflicted heart,
Thou so disturbed art?

6. Trust

6. Trust in the Lord: for I will praise,
And thank Him, all my dayes.

Who cures, and crownes lifes short annoyces
With never ending joyes.



P S A L. XLIV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **O** God! our fathers have us told,
What Thou hast done in times of old.
2. Thou drav'st out Nations by Thine hand,
To plant Thy people in their land. (got
3. 'Twas not their arme, or sword, which
Those faire possessions for their lot:
But thy right hand, thine arme of might,
Because in them Thou took'st delight.
- 4 O glorious God! Thou art my King:
Deliverance to *Iacob* bring.
5. Through Thee we will our enemies,
And those tread downe, who 'gainst us rise.
6. For in my bow I will not trust;
'Tis not my sword deliver must:
7. But Thou hast sav'd us by Thy Name,
And all that hate us put to shame.

8. In God all day we make our boasts, (hoasts)
And praise Thy Name, great Lord of
9. But Thou hast left and cast us low,
Nor with our Armies forth dost goe.
10. Thou makest us our backs to turne ;
Whilst they, which hate us, spoile & burne.
11. Thou gav'st us to the Heathens pow'r,
Like sheep, to scatter and devoure.
12. Thou do'st Thy People sell for nought,
Not richer, when the price is brought :
13. Thou makest us our neighbours scorne,
Laugh'd at, and with reproaches torne :
14. We are a by-word all about ;
The Heathen shake their head, & frowne.
15. I ly confounded with disgrace,
And shame hath covered my face.
16. By reason of their vengfull pride,
Who Thee blaspheme, and me deride ;
17. All this we beare : yet have we not
Thy selfe, or Covenant forgot.
18. Our heart revolting turnes not back,
Nor do our feet Thy waies forsake ;
19. Though'mongst the dragons broken fore,
And with death's shadow cover'd ore.
20. If we our God forgotten have ;
Or unto Idols worship gave :

21. Shall

21. Shall not his search the sin impart,
Who knowes the secrets of each heart?
22. Yea for Thy sake so ill we fare,
We all the day-long killed are:
Counted as sheep for shambles bred,
Fit only to be slaughtered.
23. Awake (O Lord!) why do'st Thou sleep?
Still wilt Thou us at distance keep?
24. Why hidest Thou Thy face from those,
Who ly opprest, and griev'd by foes?
25. Our soule unto the dust is throw'n,
To earth our belly cleaveth downe.
26. Arise, our life from ruin take;
And save us for Thy mercies sake.



PSAL. XLV.

1. **M**Y heart good matter doth indite,
Which of the King I write.
And like a ready pen, my tongue
Frames hir triumphant song.
2. Thou fairer art then humane race;
Thy lips are full of grace.
Therefore thy God on thee doth powre
His blessings endlesse store.

3. Gird on thy sword, O great in might!
For Truth, and Justice fight.

4. That all the world may understand
The terrour of Thy hand.

5. Thy sharp'ned arrowes wound all those,
Who dare the King oppose:
Whereby subdued at Thy call,
The vanquisht people fall.

6. Thy throne, O God, doth still endure;
Thy Scepter just, and pure:

7. Thou righteousness do'st value best,
And wickednesse detest.

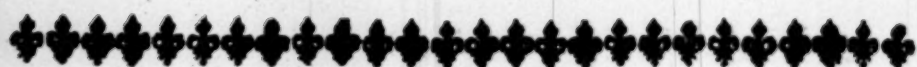
Therefore thy God hath Thee preferr'd,
And by a love unheard,
The oyle of gladnesse on Thy head,
Above Thy fellowes, shed.

8. Myrrhe, Aloës, and Cassia's smell
Upon Thy garments dwell,
Out of the Ivory Palaces
Provided Thee to please.

9. King's daughters were amongst Thy traine;
Nor to attend disdaine,
The Queen, upon Thy right hand plac'd,
With gold of Ophir grac'd.

10. Hearken

10. Hearken O Daughter, and give care :
Forget thy parents deare :
11. The King shall prize thy beauty more ;
Whom, as thy Lord, adore.
12. Rich Tyre with gifts and presents great
Thy favour shall entreat.
13. Who, far above Thy beauties seen,
All glorious art within.
14. Shee in a robe with needles wrought,
Shall to the King be brought.
The Virgins which upon hir wait,
Shall add unto Thy State.
15. With joy and gladnesse they resort,
To enter the Kings Court :
16. Thou shalt have sons, in Father's stead ;
And many Princes breed.
17. In all succeeding times Thy Name
Shall mention'd be with fame ;
Whilst the glad people Thy renowne
With endlesse praises crowne.



P S A L. XLVI.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **G**OD is our refuge ; our defence
GRests wholly on His providence :
 Which still affords a present aid,
 When greatest troubles us invade.
2. Therefore we shall not need to feare,
 Though the fixt earth removed were :
 Or though the hills, and mountaines steep
 Lay buried in the angry Deep.
3. Although the roaring waters make
 The Mountaines with their swelling shake;
4. Yet calmer rivers do embrace
 Gods City, His faire dwelling place.
5. Whose Tabernacles, by His love,
 Are kept that they can never move.
 For He, when dangers Hir distresse,
 His early succour shall addresse.
6. The Nations rage ; the Kingdomes are
 Disturb'd with strife, and threats of war.
 But He the tempest can allay,
 And cause the earth to melt away.
7. The

7. The Lord of Hosts doth us direct;
Great *Iacobs* God doth us protect:
8. Come see, on those our mischeifs wrought,
What desolations He hath brought.
9. He maketh strife, and wars to cease;
And crowns the bleeding earth with peace:
He breaks the bow, and crackes the speare;
In fire the Chariots burned were.
10. Lo, this is God, whose awfull sway
Both earth, and Heaven must obey.
11. The Lord of Hosts doth us direct;
Great *Iacobs* God doth us protect.



P S A L. XLVII.

1. **O** Clap your hands, All earth throughout
To God in triumph shout.
2. His greatnesse rules the world from high,
With awfull Majesty.
3. He Nations under us subdues;
And will our portion chuse;
Which doth in glory far excell;
The Lot of *Israël*.
5. God is gone up with showting voice,
And sounding trumpets noyse. 6. Unto

84 P S A L M E XLVII.

6. Unto our God loud praises sing;
Sing praises to our King.

7. To Him, whose pow'r the earth doth fill,
With knowledge sing, and skill:

8. Who on His sacred throne remaines,
And ore the Heathen reignes.

9. The Princes with the People joyne,
Sprung out of *Abra'm's* loyne.

For all are in His care enroll'd,
Who highly is extoll'd.



P S A L. XLVIII.

1. **G**reat is the Lord. His praise is great,
In *Salem* His blest seat.

2. Mount *Sion* beauteous is for site,
The spacious earth's delight.

Upon the fides which Northward rise,
The Great King's City lies.

3. God in hir Palaces alone
Is for a refuge know'n.

4. For lo, the Kings assembled were,
Hir glories downe to teare:

5. They

5. They saw with marvail hir defense,
In trouble hasting thence.
6. They were surpriz'd with sudden feare,
Like pangs which women beare.
7. Thou break' it the Ships from *Tarshish* faile
With Thy strong Easterne gale.
8. In *Salem*, unto God endear'd,
We saw, what oft we heard :
The Lord of Hosts will hir defend,
And stablish to the end.
9. Lord in Thy Temple to our thought
We have Thy mercies brought.
10. O God, according to Thy Name,
So endlesse is Thy fame.
- Thy hand is full of righteousness.
Let *Sion* joy expresse.
11. Let *Iudab's* daughter gladly sing
The judgments of their King.
12. Walk round about faire *Sions* Mount ;
Hir stately Tow'rs recount ;
13. Hir Bulwarks marke, and structures well,
And to your Children tell.
14. For here the Lord our God intends,
Till time expired ends,

His

His favours on This place to breath,
And guide us unto death.



PSAL. XLIX. *As Psalme 51.*

1. **A**ll people of the world give eare ;
2. Low, high, rich, poore, together heare !
3. My mouth of wisdom shall dilate ;
My heart deep knowledge meditate.
4. To Parables I will encline,
Darke sayings on the harp divine.
5. Why should my end affrightment feel,
When sin, or death assault my heel ?
6. Who trust in wealth, and riches boast,
7. Cannot redeeme a brother lost ;
Or bring back life, when fled away ;
Or unto God his ransom pay ;
8. (The soule so pretious is, no rate
Can it recall, or expiate :)
9. That so he might for ever last,
And not of earth's corruption tast.
10. For he perceiveth that the wise,
Like to the foole, and brutish dies :
And all the wealth, which they have got,
Must then become anothers lot,

11. Yet

11. Yet they suppose their dwelling place
Shall last through each succeeding race;
And to their lands their names bequeath,
To keep them living after death.
12. Man nerethelesse to honour brought,
Like beasts that perish, comes to nought.
13. Thus their vaine folly ends; yet they,
Who them survive, praise all they say.
14. Like sheep, they in the grave are layd,
For death to feed on, dishes made.
The just in light eternall reignes,
Whilst others pomp in dust remains.
15. But God my my soule shall take, and save
From power of the wide-mouth'd grave.
16. Be not thou troubled, or afraid,
When one of these is wealthy made:
Or when with plenty fill'd, and ease,
His houses glory doth encrease.
17. He carries nothing when he dies,
But stript of all his honour lies.
18. Though living, he his soule did blesse;
Applauding his false happinesse:
And men that course in worldings praise,
Which most the appetite obaies.
19. He with his fathers ends in night,
And never more shall see the light.

20. Man, who in honour nothing knowes,
From hence, like beasts that perish, goes.



P S A L. L.

To the proper Tune.

1. **T**He God of might,
Unto the earth did call,
From the Suns light
To his declining fall.
2. From *Sion* faire
The Lord himselfe hath shone,
- 3 God shall repaire,
In noise and terrour know'n.
Usher'd with Flame
Wrapt in a stormy cloud,
4. He shall proclaime
To earth his judgment lowd.
5. My Saints collect
To me with offrings sworne;
6. Heav'ns shall detect
The justice by Him borne.
7. My people heare,
O Israel, I speak,

And

And witnesse beare

'Gainst thee, my Lawes dost break.

8. I not reprove

Thy sacrifices faile,

9. No goates I love,

Nor Bullocks from thy stall.

10. Mine is each beast

Which the wild Forrests feed,

Ev'n to the least

Which thousand hils doe breed :

11. The fowles I know

Which on the Mountaines fly,

The wild beasts owe

Which in the desert ly.

12. If I would eat,

I need not tell it thee ;

The whole worlds meat,

And it, belongs to me.

13. That I require

Bulls flesh, why should'st thou think,
Burnt in the fire ?

Or blood of goats would drink ?

14. Thanksgivings bring,

And pay to God thy vows ;

This offering

He as the best allowes :

15. And on Me call

In thine afflicted dayes,

I save thee shall,
And thou shalt give Me praise.

16. But to the bad
(Saith God) why should you dare,
The Lawes I made,
Or Statutes to declare?
Why doe ye vaunt
In your un-hallow'd mouth,
My Covenant?

17. Whose hearts instruction loath.

18. Thou did'st consent
When thou a thief hadst seen :
Thy foule intent
Hath with adult'ers been.

19. Thou to all ill
Thy mouth do'st dedicate,
Thy false tongue still
Is uttering deceit :

20. Thou do'st back-bite,
To work thy brothers shame,
And full of spight
Thy Mothers sonne defame.

21. This hast thou done,
And whilst I silent sate,
Thou thought'st Me one
Who had, like thee, forgate.

But

But I will haſt,
And order'd 'fore thine eyes
Preſent at laſt
All theſe impieties.

22. Conſider ye !

Who God, nor judgment fear,
Leaſt anger'd He
Your ſoules in pieces teare.

23. Who offers praife,

Me honours ; and th' upright,
After earthes dayes,
Shall dwell in endleſſe light.



PSAL. LI.

To the proper Tune.

1. **H**Ave mercy, O my God ! on me
Who thus dejected fly to Thee :
According to Thy boundleſſe love
The weight of mine offence remove.

2. From Thine un-waſted pitties ſpring
Thy wonted ſtreames of pardon bring.
O waſh my leprous ſoule againe,
And cleanſe me from this bloody ſtaine.

3. In ſad repentance I confeſſe
The knowledge of this wickedneſſe :

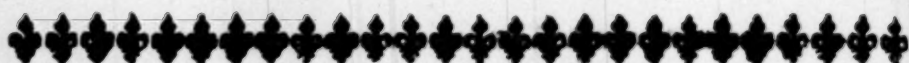
4. Againſt

4. Against Thee have I sinn'd alone,
Who art my Judge, for what is done.
I cannot hide the blood I spilt,
Nor will excuse my secret guilt.
That at Thy bar when I am try'd,
Thy sentence might be justify'd.
5. Brought forth I was to Parents scorne,
In sin conceiv'd, with sorrow Borne;
And have improv'd, by act and thought,
Those spots which to the world I brought.
6. But Thou dost inward truth require,
And only can'st that grace inspire:
Thou therefore shalt, who wisdom art,
With understanding fill my heart.
7. Purge me with *Hyssop*, then my soule
Shall cleansed be, though nev'r so foule.
Wash me, and my black crimes will grow
More white, then is the falling snow.
8. Make me to hear Thy mercies voice,
So shall my broken bones rejoyce.
9. Turne from my sinnes Thy face away,
Nor let them in remembrance stay.
10. Create (O God !) a cleansed heart,
Renew my soule, chaste thoughts impart:
11. Me from Thy presence never drive,
Nor of thy guiding grace deprive.
12. Re-

12. Restore Thy comfort yet at last,
And let Thy spirit keep me fast :
13. Then wicked men thy wayes Ile teach,
And sinners shall conversion reach.

14. Deliver me from guilt of blood,
O God Thou Authour of my good.
15 Open my lips, enlarge my tongue;
And then thy prayſes shall be sung.
16. Thou do'st not sacrifice desire,
Or any offering made by fire.
17. The sacrifices God delight,
Are broken hearts, and ſoules contrite.

18. O caſt thy favourable eye
On *Sions* low calamity :
Build up neglected *Salems* wall,
Whose Structures now to ruin fall.
19. Then shalt Thou be, when once appeas'd,
With our devout oblations pleas'd :
Who heapes of Incense up will fling,
And bullocks to Thine Altar bring.



P S A L. LII.

1. **W**Hy boasting Tyrant dost thou threat,
 Thou canst do mischeife yet?
 Gods constant goodnesse will prevent
 Thy murtherous intent.

2. Thy tongue suggestions doth devise;
 Like rasors cut thy lyes.

3. Thou evill more then goodnesse lov'st;
 Deceit, not truth, approv'st.

4. Thy words, false tongue, mens lives de-
 But God shall, by His pow'r,

5. Pluck thee from earth thy dwelling place;
 Thy name from heaven rase.

6. The just these judgments see, and feare,
 Which wicked ones must beare:
 And all their malice vainly try'd
 With laughter shall deride.

7. Lo, this is he who God not chose
 For his assur'd repose:
 But strong in violence, and stealth,
 Rely'd upon his wealth.

8. Yet

8. Yet I within God's house shall be
 Like a green Olive tree :
 And on Thy mercy all my daies
 My confidence will raise.

9. I for this preservation will
 My praises offer still ;
 And on Thy saving Name await,
 Which Saints must celebrate.



P S A L. LIII.

1. **T**He fool, whose heart doth truth upbraid,
 There is no God, hath said.

Corrupted is with sin their mind ;
 And none to good enclin'd.

2. God His survey from Heaven took,
 And downe on men did look ;
 To see, if any Him would know,
 Or seek His truth below.

3. But now revolted every one
 To filthinesse is gone :
 His Law by none is understood ;
 There is not one doth good.

4. Will they all knowledge thus defy,
 That work iniquity ?

Who

Who eat my people up as bread ;
Nor God have worshipped.

5. He by false fear, and vaine affright,
Their bones hath scatter'd quite.
Through Gods just vengeance, and despise,
In shame their glory lies.
6. O that from *Sion* help were sent,
To end our banishment !
For *Jacobs* Off-spring then in peace
Should joy in their release.



P S A L. L I V.

1. **S**Ave me (O God,) and by Thy might,
With judgment do me right.
Be Thou to my request attent,
2. My words in sorrow sent.
3. For 'gainst my soule Oppressors rise ;
Strangers, who thee despise.
4. But thou my help, and champion art,
For those that take my part.
5. With sure revenge He shall repay,
And cut my foes away.
6. Free off'rings then to thee shall flame ;
And I will praise Thy Name.

7. His goodnesse me from trouble saves,
 And gives them timelesse graves.
 Mine eye on those sees his desire,
 Who did my fall conspire.



P S A L. L V.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

- 1 **G**ive eare (O God) unto my pray'r,
 From my request not hidden far.
 2. Attend to me with crying faint,
 Who lowdly mourne in my complaint.
 3. Because my foes injurious voyce
 Mine innocence decryes with noyse ;
 And bad oppressors That impute,
 Which doth their wrath and hatred suit.
 4. My heart within me, fore with paine,
 Death's falling terrours doth sustaine;
 5. Cold feare and trembling me dismay'd :
 Orewhelm'd with horreur, thus I said :
 6. O that I were with wings posselt,
 Like doves to fly, and be at rest :
 7. Lo, then far off I wander might,
 And to the desert take my flight.

8. I from the windy storme would hast,
And this fierce tempest 'scape at last.
- 9 Destroy, (O Lord !) their tongues divide :
For in the City strife I spy'd.
10. Both day and night the walls they round,
Wherein all mischeifes do abound :
11. In midst whereof foule sins do meet ,
Deceit and guile in ev'ry street.
12. No open foe did me traduce ;
For then I could have borne th'abuse :
No publicke hate 'gainst me reveal'd ;
Then should I have my selfe conceal'd.
13. But it was Thou, my friend, my guide,
In equall conversation try'd.
14. We in sweet counsaile daies had spent,
And to Gods house together went.
15. O let some unexpected death,
Strange, as unlook't for, seize their breath.
Let them go down alive to hell ;
For wickednesse with them doth dwell.
16. But I upon the Lord will call,
Who saves me from their plotted fall.
17. At ev'ning, morning, and mid-day
To Him that heares me will I pray.
18. He resku'd hath in peace my life ;
Deliver'd from their bloody strife

Who

Who were in battail opposite :

For many then for me did fight.

19. Afflictions shall on them lay hold,
By God impos'd, who 'bides of old.
Because they in no changes were,
They grow secure, and God not feare.

20. He hath put forth his hand 'gainst These
Who were enleagu'd with him in peace :
His friendly vow he did recant,
And break his solemne Covenant.

21. His speeches smooth as butter are ;
But in his heart is cruell war : (words ;
More soft then Oyle his flatt'ring
Yet were they sharper then draw'n
(swords.

- 22 Upon the Lord thy burden cast ;
Who shall sustaine, and keep thee fast.

23. But thou (O God) shalt bring them down,
In pit of wide destruction throw'n :
Men treacherous, of blood, and strife,
Shall find long troubles, and short life ;
Nor halfe their daies compleated see :
But I will ever trust in Thee.



P S A L. LVI.

Sing this as Psalm 51.

1. **B**E mercifull, O God ! to me :
 For Man combines to swallow me.
 He daily doth against me fight,
 By Power to oppresse my right.
2. My watchfull enemies each houre
 My life assaile and would devour.
 O Thou most High ! they many are ,
 Who have conspired in this war.
3. Yet though encompass, and afraid,
 I fly for shelter to Thy aid.
4. Fortrusting in Gods word, and arme,
 I know no flesh can do me harme.
5. They still my words, and meaning wrest;
 Close mischeife plotting in their breast.
6. They joyne themselves, my steps they
 To overthrow me in the dark. (mark,
7. Shall they escape ? Lord, in thy frowne
 Defeat their plots, and cast them downe.
8. My wand'ring steps, and each loose thought
 Must be unto Thy Audit brought :

Thou

- Thou bott'lest all the tears I shed ;
 My sighs are book'd, and numbered.
9. Soone therefore as to Thee I cry,
 I know my foes shall faint, and fly.
10. God only is my trust, and joy :
11. I fearlesse am of mans annoy.
12. To Thee, O Lord, Ile pay my vow ;
 My knees in thanks to Thee shall bow.
13. For thou my life keep'st from the grave,
 And do'st my feet from falling save :
 That with the living in Thy sight
 I may enjoy Eternall light.



PSAL. LVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **B**E mercifull (O God !) to me,
 Whose soule doth only trust in Thee.
 To Thy wing's shadow will I hast,
 Till these calamities be past.
2. My cry to God I will advance,
 Who alway sends deliverance.
3. His mercy saves me from their pow'r,
 Who would both life, and fame devour.

F 3

4. My

4. My soule 'mongst Lions is untam'd ;
 Ev'n sons of men with hate inflam'd :
 Whose teeth are spears, & darts; whose word;
 More piercing, & more sharp then swords.
5. O God ! above the earth, or sky,
 Exalted be Thy Majesty !
6. For my greiv'd soule they nets prepare ;
 But in their own pits fallen are.
7. My heart (O God) my heart is fixt ;
 I'll Anthems sing with praises mixt.
8. A wake my Glory, harp awake ;
 I early will addressees make.
9. Thou 'mongst the Nations shalt be prais'd,
 10. Whose mercy to the clouds is rays'd.
11. O God ! above the earth, or sky,
 Exalted by Thy Majesty.



PSAL. LVIII.

Sing this as Psalm 51.

1. **O** Congregation speake ye right ?
 O sons of men judge ye upright ?
2. Your hearts containe, and hands dispense
 Only full weight of violence.
3. The

3. The wicked men, to life when come,
Estranged are, ev'n from the womb;
They goe astray, though newly borne,
They utter lies with lips forsworne.
4. Like Serpents they their poyson bear;
And like deafe adders stop their eare;
5. Which will not heare th' enchanter's spell,
Although he charme them nere so well.
6. Break thou their teeth (O God) which hang
Like the young Lions Sharpned fang.
7. Let them like melting waters ly;
And cut their arrowes as they fly.
8. Be they like snailes consum'd to slime;
Or womens births before their time.
9. Quicker then thornes enkindled blaze,
Let whirlwinds blow them from their place.
10. This sight shall joyfull make the good,
To wash their feet in wicked blood.
11. So men shall say, from God are had
Rewards for just ones, plagues for bad.



P S A L. LIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **F**ROM enemies (O God!) defend,
2. Whose bloody plots in murder end.

F 4

3. Lo,

3. Lo, for my Soule they ly in wait ;
The mighty are confederate.
Yet is it not for my offence,
They thus prepare to take me hence.
4. Awake, (O Lord) behold my wrong ;
Thy help withhold not from me long.
5. O Lord ! Thou God of Hosts awake ;
Of all the Heathen vengeance take :
Let not Thy grace to them extend,
Who with malicious hearts offend.
6. Like dogs they come, when day is done,
Which snarling through the City run :
7. Behold they belch out daring words ;
And in their lips they carry swords.
- For who (say they) our acts shall heare ?
Or hinder us, when we appeare ?
8. But Thou (O Lord) shalt them deride,
And strike the heathen in their pride.
9. O Lord ! my trust awaites on Thee,
Who by Thy strength shall guarded be.
10. Gods saving mercy me prevents ;
Mine eye shall see their ill events.
11. Disperse them (Lord, my sheild!) not slay ;
Least it forget my people may.
12. Let their mouthes sin themselvs confound ;
Themselves their lyes and curses wound.
13. Great

13. Great King! consume them in thine ire;
 14. Let them like dogs at night retire,
 15. Still wand'ring up and down for meat;
 And grudge, when lacking what to eat.
16. But of Thy pow'r my lips shall sing;
 Yea long before the day doth spring,
 My thankfull hymnes shall sound aloud
 The Mercy Thou to me hast show'd,
 Thou art in trouble my defense,
 A refuge for my innocence.
17. To Thee O God my strength I sing,
 For Thou dost help, and mercy bring.



P S A L. LX.

1. **L**ord! Thou hast scatter'd us abroad,
 We have strange countries trod;
 O turne, and let our wand'ring feet
 In our own dwellings meet.
2. The trembling earth is rent by warrs,
 And broke in factious jarrs:
 Heale Thou the breach Thy fury makes,
 For our foundation shakes.
3. With cares Thou hast Thy people fed,
 And to amazement led.

Thou minglest Thy Revenges cup,
And we have drunk it up.

4. Yet thou thy banner hast display'd,
To gather those that stray'd.
Thy truth and wonted pity shall
Our banishment recall.

5. That therefore Thy belov'd may be
From all invasion free,
Thy right hand for their safety reare,
And their petitions heare.

6. God by his Truth did oft professe,
He would his servants blesse.
I will divide faire *Shechem's* soile,
And *Succoth's* valley spoile.

Manasseh, *Gilead*, both are mine;
In war shall *Ephraim* shine.
But *Indus's* Scepter all must awe,
And give my people Law.

8. *Moab* shall be a dunghill grow'n;
Proud *Edom* overthrow'n:
Philistia's boasted triumphs shall
Be buried in hir fall.

9. Who me will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edoms* strength, and head? That

That I may break hir fenced gate,
And trample on hir state.

10. O Thou my God who cast'st us off,
And mad'st our force their scoffe,
Wilt not Thou with our armies go,
To quell th' insulting foe?

11. From trouble save us once againe :
For help of man is vaine.

12. Through God we shall in battail rise,
And foyle our enemies.



P S A L. LXI.

1. **G**ive eare, O God ! unto my cry ;
My Prayer not deny ;

2. When through the earth in exile throw'n
To Thee I make my moane.

Thou to that rock of strength shalt lead
My care-oppressed head ;

3. Who art my shelter and defense
Against all violence.

4. Within Thy Tabernacle I
Will dwell eternally ;

Whilst my unshaken hopes endure,
Under Thy wing secure.

5. For

5. For Thou O God hast heard my vow ;
 Thou my desire dost know :
 From whom the heritages came
 To those that feare Thy Name.

6. Thou shalt preserve the King in peace,
 And give His yeares encrease :

7. That He within Thy gracious sight
 May dwell in endlesse light.

Thy mercy, and Thy truth prepare ;
 Which his preservers are.

8. So to Thy Name Ile praises sing,
 And vowes performed bring.



P S A L. LXII.

1. **M**Y soule doth wait on God alone,
 Whence comes salvation.

2. He is my Rock ; firm'd in His love,
 I shall not greatly move.

3. How long will mischief ye devise ?
 Swift death shall you surprise.

Ye shall be like a bowing wall,
 Or tott'ring fences fall.

4. For they consult to cast him downe,
 Whom God lifts to renowne :

They

They blessings with their mouth impart,
But curses from their heart.

5. My soule wait Thou on God alone,
My expectation.

6. He is my Rock, my safe defense;
I shall not move from hence.

7. In God my health and glory rest,
My strength and refuge blest.

8. Trust Him, ye people, and implore;
Your heart before Him powre.

9. The sons of men, both low, and high,
Are lyes, and vanity :
And all alike in ballance lay'd,
Weigh lighter then the shade.

10. O never in oppression trust,
Nor robberies unjust.

If wealth encrease, your heart nere set
Upon the gaines you get.

11. God once hath spoke, and oft I heard,
His pow'r is to be fear'd :

12. And that His Mercy doth dispense
Each work its recompense.



P S A L. L X I I I.

1. **O** God, Thou art my God ; to Thee
 My thoughts addressed be.
 And early as the rising day,
 I will before Thee pray.

My thirsting soule, and longing flesh
 Beg, Thou wilt them refresh,
 In that dry land, where fruits nere grow,
 Nor streams of water flow.

2. That in Thy Sanctuary I
 May see Thy Majesty ;
 And Thy bright glory may behold,
 As I had seen of old.

3. Thy loving kindnesse better is,
 Then life, or earthly blisse :
 My lips shall therefore praises give,
 4. And blesse Thee, whilst I live.

Thus unto Thee, whose Name is fear'd,
 My hands shall be up-reard.

5. My soule is as with marrow cloy'd ;
 When thus my mouth's employ'd.

6. I Thee remember on my bed,
With crosses wearied :
And in the watches of the night,
Thy goodnesse I recite.
7. Under the shadow of Thy wing
To Thee, my Help, I sing :
8. My soule on Thee alone depends ;
Whose Right hand me defends.
9. But those that would my Soule enslave,
Shall sinke into the grave.
10. The killing sword their lives shall slay,
Or make them foxes prey.
11. The King in God his joy shall beare,
With those that by Him sweare :
When all the mouthes of such as ly,
Stop'd, and confounded dy.



PSAL. LXIV.

1. **M**Y voice in Pray'r, O God, intend ;
My life from foes defend.
2. Me from all wicked counsailes throwd,
And risings of the proud.
3. Whose

(swords,
3. Whose

3. Whose tongues full bent, and whet like
As darts, shoot bitter words: (swords
4. That fearlesse, and in secret they
The perfect man may slay.
5. In mischeife they encourage each ;
Of snares make private speech ;
Which when in secret lay'd, They cry,
What eyes shall them descry ?
6. They both contrive, and practise ill,
Most diligent to kill :
Which in their heart concealed deep
Their thoughts in secret keep.
7. But God shall with a suddaine dart
Wound their malicious heart :
8. So their own tongue betray them shall,
As causer of their fall.

Then those deride them shall, that see,
And from their vengeance flee :
9. All men shall feare, and thence declare,
God's work these judgments are.

For wisely they consider on,
And ponder what is done.
10. In God rejoyce then shall the just,
And glory in His trust.



P S A L. L X V.

1. **T**Hy praise (O God !) in Sign flowes,
Where we performe our vowes.
2. O Thou that hear'st our prayers summe,
To Thee all flesh shall come.
3. My misdeeds (Lord) 'gainst me prevaile ;
Thy mercies though nere faile :
Who our transgressions from thy sight
Remov'st, and purgest quite.
4. Blest is the man Thou do'st admit
Within Thy Courts to sit :
For with Thy Temples beauty he
Shall satisfied be.
5. O God of our salvation ! Thou
Wilt dreadfull wonders show !
Thou hope of all earth's bounds containe,
Or far dilated Main.
6. Whose strength the mountaines setteth fast,
On their foundation plac't :
7. Who doth the roaring Seas assuage,
And still the People's rage.
8. They

8. They, in earth's utmost parts that dwell,
Thy fearfull tokens tell :
Thou mak'st th' outgoings of the morne,
And nights thy praise adorne.
9. Thou waterest the earth with raine,
Then giv'st hir store of graine.
Such plenty Gods full river yields
T' enrich the thirsty fields.
10. The setled furrowes, soft with showres,
Take in Thy blessings stores.
11. Thou do'st the year with goodnes crowne,
Thy clouds drop fatnesse downe.
12. The barren deserts shall abound ;
The hills with joy resound ;
13. The flocks be full, the pastures spring,
With corne the vallies sing.



P S A L. L X V I.

1. **M**Ake unto God a joyfull noyse ;
Ye lands lift up your voyce.
2. Sing forth the honour of His Name,
Report His glorious fame.
3. Say unto God, how wond'rous are
The works Thou dost prepare !

To Thee, who in great pow'r do'st sit,
Shall all Thy foes submit.

4. With Songs, and adoration shall
The earth before Thee fall.
5. Come see His awfull works, and might,
Shew'n in His children's sight.
6. He turn'd the Sea into dry land,
Wher on their foot did stand.
7. He rules in pow'r; His eye doth quell
The Nations that rebell.
8. O bleſſe our God, ſo juſtly fear'd;
And cauſe His praife be heard:
9. Who makes our ſoule in life abide,
Nor lets our feet to ſlide.
10. Thou us O God haſt prou'd, & try'd,
Like ſilver purify'd:
11. Thou broughteſt us into the ſnare;
Our loines afflicted are.
12. Thou wicked men haſt ſuffered
To trample on our head;
We went through fire, and water paſt;
Yet ſav'dſt Thou us at laſt.
13. I will into thy Temple bring
A thankfull Offering.
14. The vow, my lips in trouble made,
Devoutly ſhall be paid.

116 PSALME LXVII.

15. I offer will burnt sacrifice,
 Whilst clouds of Incense rise :
 Rams, Goats, with Bullocks from the stall
 Shall at Thy Altar fall.
- 16 O come, and heare my words declare
 How large Gods favours are ;
17. When with my mouth on Him I call'd,
 And with my tongue extoll'd.
18. If wickednesse my heart regard,
 I shall not then be heard.
19. But God enclined hath his eare,
 My prayers voice to heare.
20. Let God for evermore be blest,
 Who granted my request :
 Who hath not turn'd away His face,
 Nor held from me His grace.



PSAL. LXVII.

1. **T**Hy mercy (Lord !) extend,
 And blessings on us send ;
 O let Thy Light and Face Divine,
 Upon Thy servants shine.
2. That through the earth Thy way
 Be know'n to Gentiles may ;

And

And nations of the Universe
Thy saving health rehearse.

3. Let all the people raise
Their voyce to sing Thy praise.
O God ! let them with joy expresse
To Thee their thankfulnesse.

4. O let the Nations sing
With gladnesse to their King :
For thou the world shalt judge with right,
And rule the earth with might.

5. Let all the people raise
Their voice to sing Thy praise ;
O God, let them with joy expresse
To Thee their thankfulnesse.

6. Then shall the earth encrease
In plenty, and in peace :
And God, our God, in blessings shew'n,
Shall us His people own.

7. God, who doth ever live,
To us shall blessings give.
That all the ends of earth may feare,
And duty to Him beare.



P S A L. LXVIII.

1. **L** Et God (the God of might) arise;
And scatter'd be His enemies.
And let all those that hate Him, flee
2. As smoake, by winds we driven see.
So perish wicked men like fumes;
Or melted wax, which fire consumes.
3. But let the righteous rejoyce;
And unto God lift up their voyce.
4. Sing unto God, sing praises lowd
To Him that rides upon the cloud.
The Name of great *Iehovah* blesse,
5. A father of the fatherlesse;
For he relieves the widowes wants;
6. He solitary households plants:
And frees the Captives from their chaine;
Whil'st rebels are with hunger flaine.
7. When (Lord) Thy people Thou didst lead,
And marches through the desert tread,
8. The Heavens melted, the earth shook,
And *Sinai* was with terrour strook.
9. Yet Thou upon thy Lot didst powre,
When faint and weary, plenties store:
10. Thy

10. Thy congregation Thou didst feed ;
Reliev'dst the poore, and help'dst their
(need.
11. The Lord Himselfe did give the word ,
And num'rous preachers it record,
12. Kings armies fled, and took the foyle,
Whilst women did divide the spoile.
13. Though then ye have neglected ly'n,
Ye shall againe with lustre shine ;
Like to the doves faire plumed wing,
As Gold, or Silver glistering.
14. When God great Kings had put to flight,
The land was like to *Salmon* white.
15. God's Mount is as faire *Bashans* hill,
Whose height does earth with wonder fill.
16. Why leap ye hills which so excell ?
This is the hill where God will dwell ;
17. His Chariots twenty thousand are ;
Thousands of Angels serve His war.
- Second Part.*
18. Thou ha'st ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity :
Didst ransom those who did rebell ;
That God might still among them dwell.
19. Blest be the Lord, the God of health,
Who loads us daily with His wealth.
20. He is the God, whose saving breath
The issues doth command from death.
21. But

21. But God shall wound their hatefull head,
Who wilfully in sins are led.

22. He said, I will my people keep,
From *Babylon* bring, & through the deep.

23. That so Thy foot (borne through the
Of fall'n, and dying enemies,) (cries
May dipped be in slaughters flood;
And tongues of dogs lick up their blood.

24. How Thou, (my God & King,) we know,
Didst in Thy Sanctuary go:

25. Singers lead to the Instrument,
Then Damfels with their Timbrels went.

26. Blessèd God all yee from *Iacob* spring:

27. Small *Benjamin* their Ruler bring.
With Princely *Judah* on the Throne,
Strong *Nephtali*, and *Zebulen*.

28. Thy God for thee did strength command:
O let Thy work confirmed stand.

29. Then presents shall by Kings to Thee
In *Salems* Temple offer'd be.

30. Rebuke the peoples brutish spight;
Those scatter, who in war delight.

31. So *Egypt's* Princes, and the Moore,
With hands stretch'd out shall thee adore.

32. Earth's Kingdomes sing, and praise ascribe
To God, who 'bove the Heavens doth ride.

His

- His mighty voyce He out doth send :
 34 His strength excells, the clouds to rend.
 35 O God, Thou from thy Holy Place
 With terrour dost thy foes amaze.
 He strength and pow'r to Israel gives :
 Blessed be God, who ever lives.



PSAL. LXIX.

1. **S**Ave me O God, for on my soule
 The furious waters rowle :
2. Sunk deep in mire, no stay I have,
 Orewhelm'd by ev'ry wave.
3. I weary am of my long cry ;
 My throat is hoarse, and dry.
 My failing eyes their strength abate,
 Whilst for my God I wait.
4. My haters without cause exceed
 The haire's upon my head :
 And though I things not took restore,
 They wrong, and hate me more.
5. O God ! my folly Thou ha'st know'n ;
 My sins to Thee are shew'n.

G

6. Let

6. Let none that seek, or wait for Thee,
Through me confounded be.

7. For Thy sake have I borne disgrace,
Shame cover'd hath my face :

8. A stranger to my brethren am,
Who from my Mother came.

9. I in Thy Houses zeale do pine,
Thy wrongs reputing mine.

10. Yet when I fasted, wept, and mourn'd,
That my reproach was turn'd.

11. For garments I have Sack-cloath worne;
A Proverb grow'n of scorne :

12. Revil'd by those the gate that throng,
And made the drunkards song.

13. But (Lord) to Thee my prayers climbe,
In Thy accepted time:
O for Thy Truth, and mercies sake,
Heare those requests I make.

14. Deliver me from out the mire,
Where envious floods conspire;

15. To swallowing deeps me nere expose,
Nor let the pit enclose.

16. Give eare (O Lord) as Thou art kind,
Let me Thy mercy find :

17. Hide

17. Hide not Thy Face in time of need ;
But heare my moane with speed.

Second Part.

18. Draw nigh (O Lord,) my soule redeem,
Lost in my foes esteem.
19. Thou my dishonour know'st, and shame,
And those who me defame.
20. Reproach my heavy heart hath broke,
Press'd downe with sorrowes stroake.
For pittie I, and comfort look,
But friends have me forsook.
21. For drink, they Vineger, for meat,
They gave me Gall to eat :
22. O let their table prove their snare,
Their peace turne to despaire.
23. Their eyes be dark'ned ; and still make
Their loines through terrour shake.
24. Upon their heads Thy fury powre ;
Let vengeance them devoure.
25. Make desolate their dwelling place ;
Their habitation rase.
26. For they, whom Thou hast smote, pursue ;
The wounded grieffe renew.

27. Add sin to their iniquity ;

Let them thy presence fly :

28 Blot from the Book of life their soules,

Nor with thy Saints enroll.

29. But I am poore, and full of paine ;

O raise me up againe :

30. So in my Song Ile praise thy Name,

And thankfull ditties frame.

31. Such gifts, and sacrifice, as these,

Will God much better please,

Then fatted Oxen from the stall,

Which on His Altar fall.

32. The meek shall see this, and be glad,

whose hopes on God are stay'd.

33. For he will hear the poor mans cryes,

His pris'ners not despise.

34. Let Heaven praise Him, Seas, and earth,

With all in them have birth.

35. For God will Sions Cities blesse,

For *Iudab* to possesse.

36. His servants, and succeeding race

Inherit shall this place.

And those, that love His glorious Name,

For even there remaine.



P S A L: LXX.

1. **M**Ake hast O God my life to save,
Thy speedy help I crave.
2. Their practises with shame confound,
That seek my soule to wound.
Let them disgraced all retire,
That do my hurt desire :
3. Who 'gainst me say, *Abas*, in scorne,
To shamefull ruin turn.
4. And let all those that seek to Thee,
Rejoyce and gladdened be.
Let them, who in thy love confide,
Say, God be magnify'd.
5. But I am poor, and prest with need ;
O God, to me make speed :
Thou art my help, and only stay ;
O Lord, make no delay.



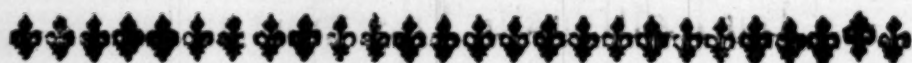
P S A L. LXXI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **I**N thee (O Lord) my trust I place;
 Confound me never with disgrace:
2. Thou in Thy justice set me free,
 Incline Thine eare, and succour me.
3. Be Thou my strong and safe resort,
 Who art my Rock, and only Fort.
4. O Save me from unrighteous bands,
 From cruell men, and bloody hands.
5. Thou art my hope, O God of truth;
 My trust and Comfort from my youth:
6. Tbou from the womb did'st me sustaine,
 When brought forth in my Mothers paine,
 Thou from her bowels did'st me bring;
 Of Thee my praise shall ever sing:
7. And though mens wonder I am made,
 My strong defense on Thee is lay'd.
8. O let my mouth be fill'd with praise,
 And with Thy honour all my daies:
9. Cast me not off, when old and fraile;
 Nor me forsake when strength doth faile.
10. Mine

10. Mine enemies combine with hate,
And for my Soule lay daily wait :
11. Saying, Him persecute and take,
For God and man doth him forsake.
12. O be not far from me at need ;
My God, to succour me make speed :
13. Consume all those, and them confound,
Who seek my Soule with hate to wound.
Reproach them who conspire my hurt,
And my affliction make their Sport.
14. So never shall my hope give ore ;
But I will praise Thee more and more.
15. My mouth shall still Thy mercies shew,
Whose number I could never know.
16. And in Thy strength will I go on,
Thy goodnesse only mention.
17. O God, thou me from youth hast taught,
To speak the wonders thou hast wrought
18. Forsake me not, when gray, and old ;
Till to this Age Thy pow'r is told.
19. Thy righteousness, O God, exceeds :
Who equall can Thy mighty deeds ?
20. Thou who hast shew'd me grief, & paine,
Shalt quicken me (O Lord) againe :
Thy hand shall bring me from the deep,
Though bury'd low in earth I sleep :

21. Thou shalt my greatnes then encrease,
And comfort me with endlesse peace.
22. Therefore (O God) through all my daies
On Psalteries Thy truth I'll praise :
And on the harpe Thy mercies tell,
O Holy one of Israël !
23. My joyfull lips to thee shall sing; (bring;
My soul, which Thou from death didst
24. My tongue Thy justice shall proclaime ;
Who do't my foes confound with shame.



P S A L. LXXII.

As Psalme 51.

1. **G**ive (Lord) thy judgments to the King;
And from his Son let Justice spring.
2. So shall the right to all extend,
And equity the poor defend. (peace,
3. The mountains then shall bring forth
The hills by righteousness encrease.
4. He shall the poor and needy save,
But break oppressors in the grave.
5. All generations shall Thee feare,
So long as Sun, and Moon appeare.

He

- 6 He shall, like raine on grasse new mow'n,
Or showres that water earth, come downe.
- 7 The just shall flourish in His daies ;
And Peace abound, whilst light displayes.
- 8 From Sea to Sea His Throne shall reach,
And from the flood to earths end stretch.
- 9 They, who in desarts dwell, shall bow ;
His foes, as dust His feet below.
- 10 *Tarshish*, the Isles, with *Sheba's* King,
And *Seba* shall their presents bring.
- 11 All Kings before Him shall fall downe,
And every Nation serve His crowne.
- 12 The cries of helplees He will heed,
- 13 And save the soules of such as need.
- 14 He shall from violence redeem,
And pretious their blood esteem.
- 15 *Sheba* shall Gold for Tribute pay ;
Men praise Him still, and for Him pray.
- 16 The smallest handfull then of corne,
Upon the tops of Mountaines borne,
Like *Lebanon* full fruits shall powre ;
The people flourish like the flow'r.
- 17 His Name endureth, whilst the Sun
About the world his course doth run.
Blessings through Him descend on all ;
And Nations shall Him Blessed call.

18. Blessed be God, whose every act
His Servants wonder doth attract.
19. Blest be His Name: Let Earth, and men
Be with His glory fill'd : *Amen.*



P S A L. LXXIII.

Sing this as Psalm 119.

1. **G**Od unto *Israel* is kind ;
To those are cleane in mind.
2. Yet had my wav'ring feet, and faith
Almost forsook their path.
3. For I to envy could not cease
At fools, and finners peace :
4. Who not impaire in ages length,
Nor lessen'd are in strength.
5. They not like others troubled are,
Nor plagu'd with common care.
6. They therefore are with proud disdain
Compass'd, as with a chaine:
And as a garment for defence,
Cover'd with violence.
7. Their wanton eye with fatnesse swells;
And wealth their wish excels.

They

8. They most corrupt oppresse the weak,
And arrogantly speak.
9. They set their mouth 'gainst heaven to talk,
Their tongue through earth doth walk.
10. Therefore Gods people, when they see,
How prosp'rous finners be :
And vexed with their sorrowes sense,
Incline to their defense.

11. So words like these their passion throwes;
How should we thinke, God knowes ;
12. Who lets the wicked live in health,
And daily grow in wealth ?
13. Why vertue then should I retaine?
I cleanse my heart in vaine.
In vaine my hands held from offense
I wash in innocence.

14. For all the daies my life hath seen,
I have afflicted been ;
My Soule, with wants and sorrowes worne,
Was chaf't'ned every morne.
15. Yet, should I not these murmurs check,
But thus disturbed speak ;
I might thy Children so offend,
And Thee blaspheming end.

Second Part.

16. But this I found by flesh and blood,
Hard to be understood :

Nor

132 PSALME LXXIII.

7. Nor, till I to Thy Temple went,
Could know, what these things meant.
Then I discern'd, what they portend,
And how the wicked end :
18. Whom Thou in slippery fortunes plac't
Do'st unto ruin cast.
19. How are their glories, quick as thought,
To desolation brought ?
They in a moment turn'd to teares
Consume by their own feares.
20. God, as a dreame when one awakes,
Their Image vanish makes.
Causing their late admirers eyes
Them now as much despise.
21. Thus was my heart perplex'd with paines,
And anguish prick'd my reines ;
22. So foolish in my thoughts disrest
Am I, so like a beast.
23. Yet I by Thee am still sustain'd,
Held up by Thy Right hand.
24. Thy counsaile here shall me direct,
Then crown with Thine Elect.
25. Whom have I in the heav'ns, but Thee ?
Who can my Saviour be ?
And through the spacious earth I none
Desire, but Thee alone.

26. My

26. My drooping heart doth daily faile,
My flesh corrupt and fraile :
But Thou the strength'ner of my heart,
And lasting portion art.

27. Who far from Thee revolting fly,
Shall perish utterly.
For Thou destroy'st, and castest low
Such as to Idols bow.

28. But it is good, with holy feare
That I to God draw neare :
To Thee my hopes entrusted are,
Who will Thy works declare.



PSAL. LXXIV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **W**Hy art Thou absent (Lord) so long,
Regardlesse of Thy Servants wrong?
Or wherefore doth Thy kindled ire,
Thy sheep and Pastures burne like fire?

2 O think upon Thy chosen Lot,
Nor let Mount *Sion* be forgot.
And may the tribe thou did'st redeeme,
Be ever deare in Thy esteeme.

3. Lift up Thy feet, bring those to nought,
Who 'gainst Thy Church have evill wrought:

4. Thine

4. Thine adversaries roar and shout,
They hang in scorne their banners out.
5. The carved workes, whose art and cost
Thy Temples building once did boast,
- 6 Are into pittie'd ruin throw'n,
And with their hammers broken down.
7. Thy Holy Place they turne to flame,
Defile the dwelling of Thy Name :
And in their wicked hearts designe,
Hir glories quite to undermine.
8. With generall havock let us rase,
The Sanctuaries hallow'd place.
Gods Houses thus in ashes lay'd,
Are wofull heaps of rubbish made.
9. We see no Signe, nor Miracle,
No Prophet have, who can foretell :
Not one hath knowledge to forecast,
How long these miseries shall last.
10. O God ! still shall the foe blaspheme,
And make Thy Name dishonours theme?
11. Thy vengefull hand no longer hide,
But stretch it forth to strike their pride.
12. For God is my all pow'rfull King,
From whom earths help & safety spring.
13. Thou did'it restraine the rising tide,
And with Thy strength the Sea divide.
Thou

Thou brak'st th' *Aegyptian* Dragons head,
And left'st him on the waters dead ;

14. *Leviathan* that sports the flood,
Thou gavest for Thy peoples food.

15. Thou from the rock mad'st fountaines
And swelling Seas dry land to grow: (flow,

16. Thine is the day, the Suns faire light,
Thine are the courses of the night :

17. The borders which the earth confine,
Are set and bounded by Thy line ;
The Summers heat, and winters cold,
From Thee their yearly seasons hold.

18 Remember, Lord ! Thy House defil'd,
Thy Name by blasphemies revil'd :

19. O give not up Thy Turtles life,
A spoile to adversaries strife :

Let not Thy Congregation mourne,
Reproach'd by Them, of Thee forlorne:

20. Look on the Covenant, and see
Earth dark'ned by their crueltie.

21. Let not th'opprest retorne with shame,
But let the needy praise Thy Name.

22. Arise (O God !) maintaine Thy cause,
Thy Temples honour, and Thy Lawes.
Remember their blaspheming noise,
Thine enemies insulting voice.

23. Their

23. Their insolence, who Thee despise,
Doth still encrease and higher rise.



P S A L. LXXV.

1. **T**O Thee (O God) with gratefull heart,
To Thee we thanks impart.
How neare, and helpfull is Thy Name,
Thy wond'rous works proclaime.
2. When I, advanc'd to *Judah's* throne,
Shall rule the Nation;
In justice will I take delight,
And judge the peoples right.
3. The earth, with hir inhabitants,
Through feare dissolves and faints.
Yet of hir loose, declining frame
The Pillars I sustain.
4. I said unto the foolish men;
Deale not so madly then:
And unto those, Gods precepts scorne,
Exalt not you the horne.
5. Lift not your selves against His check,
Nor speak with a stiffe neck.
6. Promotion comes not from the east,
Nor South, nor from the West.

7. But

7. But God as Judge our fortune guides,
Our lot of life divides :
He one man lifts unto the Crowne,
And puts another downe.
8. He holds a cup, whole wine is red,
Full mixt, and tempered :
For wicked ones the dreg, and lee,
Wrung out to drink shall be.
9. I will in Songs of praise declare,
The God of *Iacobs* care ;
10. The hornes of Pride cut off will I,
But lift the Just on high.



PSAL. LXXVI.

*Sing this as the Prayer after the
Commandements.*

1. **I**N *Iudab* God is know'n ; His Name
The *Israelites* for Great proclaime.
2. His Tabernacles *Salem* grace,
And *Sion* is His dwelling place.
3. There He the Bow and arrowes broke,
And Battailles to confusion shooke.

The

The glittering sword, the guarding shield,
Could not resist, nor safety yield.

4. Thou of more honour art then they,
Who rove upon the Hills of prey :

5. For They, whose pride did us embroile,
Are now themselves become a spoile.

A lasting sleep shuts up their eyes,
And all their strength in weaknes dyes :

6. At Thy rebuke the barbed horse,
And armed Chariots loose their force.

7. Thou Lord art fear'd; who may withstand
The fury of Thy pow'rfull hand ?

8. From Heaven we Thy Judgments heard,
The trembling earth was still, and fear'd.

9. When God the meek and humble saves,
But gives the proud untimely graves,

10. He on their fall his fame doth raise,
And turnes their malice to His praise.

11. Vow to the Lord your God, and bring
To Him your promis'd offering :

12. He Princes spirits can restraine,
And Kings of earth with terrour chaine.



P S A L. LXXVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **I** Cry'd to God with accents shrill ;
To God that heares my prayer still.
2. When into times of trouble brought,
I unto Him for succour sought.
All night my anguish did not cease ;
My soule no comfort found, nor ease.
3. I think on God amidst my paines,
My vexed spirit to Him complaines.
4. My sleeple eyes Thou hold'st awake ;
My tongue perplexed nothing spake.
5. The daies of old I meditate,
The antient times expired date.
6. I to remembrance call my Song,
My wonted mirth, omitted long :
All night I commune with my heart,
My spirits search to ease my smart.
7. Will God for ever us reject ?
Nor by His favour us protect ?
Is His compassion lost and gone ;
His promises not thought upon ?

9. Hath

9. Hath God His pittie now forgot ?
Or must destruction be our lot ?
Or will His wrath, by sin renew'd,
His tender mercies quite exclude ?
10. Thus I complain'd : And then said I,
This is mine own infirmity.
But I remember will the yeares
Thy right hand kept from want, or feares.
11. The wonders which Thou did'st of old
Shall with my thankfull tongue be told.
12. My heart Thy works Shall meditate,
My words Thy noble acts relate.
13. Thy wayes (O God !) most holy are ;
Who with Thy greatnes may compare ?
14. In miracles, and wond'rous signes
Thy strength among the People shines.
15. Thou with that high victorious hand,
Not all the Nations could withstand,
The Sons of *Iacob* did'st redeeme ;
And *Iosephs* off-spring wilt esteeme.
16. O God the waters at Thy sight
Unto their depths retir'd with fright :
The billowes of the troubled maine
Shrunk downe, and hid themselves againe
17. The melting cloud discharg'd in showres,
Like to a falling tempest powres :
Whilst

PSALME LXXVIII.

141

Whilst sounds of horroure teare the sky,
And through the aire thine arrowes fly.

- 18 Loud thunder from the heavens strook,
Thy lightnings shone, earths fabrick shook:
19 In the great waters lyes Thy path,
Which where Thou go'st no footsteps hath.
20 Thy people Thou like sheep ha'st led,
Sav'd from the Sea, in deserts fed: (land,
And brought'st them to their promis'd
By *Moses* and by *Aarons* hand.



PSAL. LXXVIII.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **H**Eare, O my people, and encline
Your eare unto my Lawes divine.
2. I will dark Parables unfold,
3. Which we have heard from fathers told.
4. We will not from succession hide
His works in praises magnifi'd:
5. Who gave a Law to *Israel*,
Which Parents must to Children tell.
6. That generations yet unborne
Might know their duty to performe?
7. That

7. That they their hope in God may set ;
And not His workes, or Law forget :
8. Nor like their fathers, rebells prove,
With hearts unstedfast in His love :
9. Like those revolters *Ephraim* bred,
Who armed from the battell fled.
10. They Gods command, and Pact refus'd ;
11. His works forgate, and pow'r abus'd :
12. When *Egypt's* land, and *Zoan's* field
Such marvailles to their fight did yield.
13. For then divided He the deep,
The floods contracting to an heap :
14. By day the Cloud their guide became ;
At night He led them with a Flame.
15. He Rocks in barren desarts clave,
Which drink like swelling rivers gave :
16. He caus'd full streams from drought to
And waters made like torrents flow. (grow,
17. Yet they, by sinning, Him forsook,
And in the desert did provoke.
18. They tempted God by asking meat ;
Which they for lust, not hunger, eat.
19. Yea thus against their God they spake :
Can He in desarts diet make ?
20. The Rock He did in fireames divide ;
But can He bread, or flesh provide ?
21. When

21. When God heard this, His just mov'd ire
'Gainst *Iacob* kindled like a fire :
22. Because their God they faithles griev'd,
And His salvation not believ'd.
23. Though his command the clouds had try'd
The doores of heaven open'd wide :
24. He rain'd downe *Manna* for their meat,
And gave them corne from heav'n to eat.
25. Thus man with Angels food was fed :
For to the full He gave them bread.
26. He caus'd the Eastern wind to blow,
And made the South His plenty throw.
27. He flesh, as dust, upon them rain'd ;
The fowles like heaps of Sand remain'd.
28. They 'midst their Camp with food were
29. And all they could desire, enjoy'd. (cloy'd,
30. But whil'st Their mouth the meat in took,
31. God's wrath their best, & choicest strook.
32. For all this, *Israel* sinned still,
His wonders slight, neglect His will.

Second Part.

33. Therefore their daies they vainely spend,
And all their yeares in trouble end.
34. Yet when He slew them, then they sought,
And God to their remembrance brought :
They turn'd, and from their sin retir'd,
And early after God enquir'd.

35. Then

35. Then God They for their Rock esteem'd,
Remembring He had them redeem'd.

36. Yet with their flatt'ring mouth they ly'd;

37. Their heart His Covenant deny'd :

38. Though full of pittie He forgave,
Restrain'd His wrath, and Them did save.

39. For He remembred, They were fraile,
Whose lusts above His Laws prevaile :
As passing winds, so light and vaine,
Which breathing out, nere come againe.

40. Oft did they grieve Him, oft rebell ;

41. Tempting the God of *Israel*.

42. They thought not on His pow'rfull arme,
Which kept them safe from hostile harme.

43. How He His signes in *Egypt* wrought,
His wonders over *Zoan* brought :

44. And turn'd their rivers into blood ;
They could not drink the crimsin flood.

45. He sent strange flies which them annoy ;
And frogs, their plenty to destroy :

46. Their fruits the Caterpillars eat,
And Locusts reap'd the ploughman's sweat :

47. With haile their swelling vines were lost,
Their Sycamores destroy'd with frost :

48. Their herds by tempest came to nought,
Their flocks the furious thunder smote.

49. His

49. His fiercest wrath on them was spent;
Bad Angels were among them sent:
50. Their soules not spared were from death,
Disease and plagues depriv'd their breath.
51. The first borne He through Egypt slew,
The chief which *Ham*, or *Nilus* knew.
52. But He His people led like sheep,
And did His flock in desarts keep.

Third Part.

53. He brought them safe, and free from fear;
When their pursuers drowned were.
54. And to His Sanctuary led,
The Mount His hand had purchased.
55. The Heathen He before them drave,
Their land by line to *Iacob* gave;
And made their tribes in tents to dwell:
56. Who tempting God, againe rebell.
57. They like their fathers backward slide;
As bowes deceitfull, turn'd aside.
58. High places Him provoke, and prove;
His jealousie their Idols move.
59. When God heard this, He waxed wroth,
And Israel did greatly loath:
60. His Tabernacle He forsook,
And no delight in *Shiloh* took.
61. Their strength He gave to captive bands;
His Glory to the Heathens hands:

He left His people to the sword ;
His kindled wrath His Lot devour'd. (fire ;

63. Their young men were consum'd by
Their maids in marriage none require :

64. Their Priests were unto slaughter sent ;
Nor did their widowes them lament.

65. Then did the Lord from sleep awake,
From wine as Giants spirit take :

66 Upon His flying foes He came,
And put them to perpetuall shame.

67. He *Ioseph's* Tent did then refuse ,
Nor would the Tribe of *Ephraim* chuse.

68. But *Judah's* Tribe He did elect,
Mount *Sion*, which His thoughts affect.

69 His Sanctuary high He plac't,
Like earth, which stands for ever fast.

70 His choyce did then on *David* looke,
And from amongst the Sheepfolds took :

71. From following Ewes, he made him feed
His chosen People, *Iacob's* seed :

72. Whom with a perfect heart he fed,
And by his skilfull conduct led.



PSAL. LXXIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **O** God the Heathen us invade,
Thine heritage a prey is made.
Thy Holy Temple they defile,
And *Salem* make their ruins pile.
2. The bodies of thy servants ly, (fy,
To gorge the fowles through heav'n that
The carcases of Saints are feasts,
To glut and feed devouring beasts :
3. Their blood like water hath been shed,
And none would see them buried.
4. We are become our neighbours flowt,
Reproach'd and laugh'd at round about :
5. How long Lord shall thy jealous ire,
Consume us like unquenched fire ?
6. Let thy fierce anger those devoure,
Who neither feare thy Name, or pow'r.
7. Let those at length thy judgments tast,
Whose furious rage lay'd *Israel* wast.
8. Remember not our former sin,
Nor how rebellious we have bin :

- Let speedy mercies us prevent,
 Who languish through thy punishment :
9. Save us O God, for thy great Name,
 Forgive our sins, remove our shame.
10. Why should in scorne the Heathen say,
 Where is the God whom we obey ?
 O let the value of our blood,
 In thy revenge be understood !
11. And let the pris'ners groanes, and sighes,
 Up to thy throne of mercy rise !
 Deliver those are mark't to dy,
 By their blood-thirsting cruelty.
12. Let seven-fold vengeance them reward,
 Who nor thy Church, nor thee regard :
 And may those tongues which thee bla-
 Become themselvs reproaches theme. (spheme
- 13 So we thy People, and the sheep,
 Which thine own Fold & Pastures keep,
 Wil thank thy goodnes all our daies,
 And to succession sing thy praise.



P S A L. LXXX.

- 1 **G**reat Shepherd who dost *Israel* keep,
 And leadeſt *Iſeeph* like a ſheep ;

Give

Give eare, and shine with glorious light,
O thou that dwell'st 'twixt *Cherubs* bright.

2 Before thy Tribes, now Captives made,
Stir up thy selfe and bring us aid :
Manasses, Ephraim behold,
And *Benjamin* to bondage sold.

3. Turne us againe O God of might,
And shew to us thy comforts light ;
Thy favour to thy servants deigne,
And then we shall be whole againe.

4. How long wilt thou displeased be,
With those who daily worship thee?
How long thy closed eare exclude
Their Prayers, who to Thee have said?

5. Thou feedest Them with sorrowes bread,
And teares for drink are measured ;

6. We are through strife and envy torne,
Our neighbours spoile, our haters scorne.

7. Turne us againe great God of might,
And shew to us thy comforts light ;
Thy favour to Thy servants deigne,
And then we shall be whole againe.

8. Thou didst a Vine from *Ægypt* bring,
Thy hand which planted, made it spring ;

9. And that it might have room to spread,
The Heathen were discomfited :

- It's root Thou caus'd'st fast to stand,
 And with faire branches fill the land;
 10. The Hills were cover'd with Hir shade,
 Hir boughes like goodly Cedars made.
 11. Hir Armes did from the River reach,
 Unto the Swelling Oceans beach. (sense?)
 12. Why ha'st Thou then broke downe hir
 Exposing hir to violence?
 That all who passe along hir place,
 Pluck off hir grapes, hir stock deface;
 13. The Mountaine beasts, the Forrest Boare
 Root up hir plants, devoure hir store.
 14. Returne O God! from heaven shine,
 Visit Thy now despised Vine:
 And what thy right hand once did plant,
 O never may thy blessing want.
 15. Let all hir branches flourish long,
 Which for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
 16. For though cut down, and burnt the lyes,
 Thy beames of love shall make hir rise.
 17. Thy people strengthen and protect,
 Whom for thy self Thou did'st elect:
 18. So will we not goe back from Thee,
 Whose name shall still invoked be.
 19. Turne us again O God of might,
 And shew to us Thy comforts light;
 Thy

Thy favour to thy servants deigne;
And then we shall be whole againe.



P S A L. LXXXI.

1. **T**O God our strength lift up your voyce,
And make a joyfull noyse.
2. Let Timbrell, Psalme, the pleasant Lyre
With Psaltery conspire.
3. The Trumpet in the New Moone blow,
In solemne triumph goe:
4. Which God did as a Law ordaine
For *Iacob* to retaine.
5. This He to *Ioseph* did command
In the Egyptian land;
Where I a language heard unknow'n,
And understood by none.
6. His shoulder I from burthens eas'd,
From making bricks releas'd.
7. Thou didst on me in trouble call,
Who ransom'd thee from thrall.

In thunder from the breaking cloud
I answer'd thee alowd;
And at the waters where you strove
In *Meribah* did prove.

8. Heare O my people ! I will tell
To Thee O *Israel* :
9. No Heathen Gods shalt Thou adore,
Nor worship them before.
10. I am thy God, who freedome wrought,
And Thee from *Egypt* brought.
Thy mouth enlarg'd, and open'd wide,
By me shall be supply'd.
11. But they my precepts did neglect,
And *Iacob* Me reject :
12. So left I them to lusts unknow'n,
And counsell of their own.
13. O that my people would have hear'd,
And from my wayes not errd.
14. Their foes then had I soon subdu'd,
And with my hand pursu'd.
15. No place God's haters should secure ;
But they should still endure.
16. I fed them had with finest wheat,
And hony, for their meat.



PSAL. LXXXII.

*Sing this as the Prayer after the
Commandements.*

1. **G**Od in the great assembly sits ;
To Kings and Judges judgment fits.
2. How long the right will ye reject,
And persons of the bad respect ?
3. The poor and fatherlesse defend,
Justice to men oppress'd extend :
4. Deliver those in need that stand,
And save them from the wicked's hand.
5. They will not understand, nor know ;
But in the mists of darknes go.
Earths bases all are out of course,
Whil'st justice failes, and Law wants force.
6. I said, that Kings are Gods on earth,
And sons deriv'd from highest birth.
7. But ye like other men shall dy,
And with the fallen Princes ly.
8. O God ! whose pow'r doth all comprise,
In judgment on the earth arise.
For all the nations scatter'd far,
Thy lot, and Tributaries are. PSAL. 82.



PSAL. LXXXIII.

1. **D**O not (O God) Thou silence keep,
Nor let Thy vengeance sleep;
2. Thy hatefull foes lift up their head,
In tumults gathered.
3. With craft, and counsailes of deceit,
They plot, and ly in wait ;
How they Thy People may annoy,
And Thine elect destroy.
4. Come let us (say this furious rout,)
Their Nation quite root out ;
And let the name of *Israel* be
Lost to all memory.
5. In consultations full of hate,
'Gainst Thee confederate,
6. *Edm* with *Ishmael* combine,
Moab with *Hagars* line.
7. *Gebal*, and *Ammon* 'gainst us fight,
With the *Amalekite* :
The *Philistines* arm'd bands conspire,
With those that dwell at Tyre :
8. And *Ashur* runs in to their aid,
Prepared to invade ;

They

They strengthen *Lots* incestuous race,
Our dwellings to deface.

9. But Thou like *Midian* them confound;
Whose sword themselvs did wound :
Like *Sisera* O make them all,
Who did at *Kisbon* fall.

10. Be they as *Iabin* swell'n with pride,
Whose dreadfull Armies dy'd :
Their carkasses in *Endor* flung,
Were spread on earth as dung.

11. Let *Oreb's*, *Zeb's*, *Zalmunna's* fate,
Reward their Princes hate,

12. Who said, let us our force address,
Gods Houses to possess.

13. My God ! O make them like a wheele,
As straw in winds to reele ;

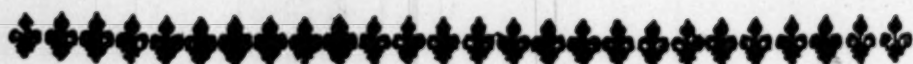
14. As raging fires their fuell burn,
And Hills to ashes turn;

15. So with Thy tempest them pursue,
With stormes their fear renew.

16. O Lord ! their faces fill with shame,
That they may seek Thy Name.

17. Let them confounded ever stand,
And perish by Thy hand ;

18. That men may know, *Iehovah's* Name
Rules all this earthly frame.



P S A L. LXXXIV.

1. **H**OW lovely, Thou great Lord of war,
Thy Tabernacles are !
2. My longing soule is faint, and pain'd,
Whilst from thy Courts restrain'd.
My heart, my flesh, with all that give
Me pow'r to move, or live,
Cry loud, till they admitted be
The living God to see.
3. Yea Sparrows find a house to rest ;
The Swallow builds hir nest :
Their young they to thine Altar bring,
O Lord, my God and King.
4. Blessed are they, who all their daies
Thee in thy Temple praise.
5. Blest is the man, whose strength Thou art ;
Whose wayes direct his heart.
6. Who passing through the mournfull vale,
Where springs and comforts faile,
Make wells in *Baca's* barren plaine,
And pooles to fill with raine.
7. They

7. They go from strength to strength, nor
Through wearinesse or want ; (faint
Till to thy House approaching neare
In *Sion* they appeare.

8. Lord God of Hosts, my prayer heare ;
O *Iacob's* God give eare !

9. O God our Shield, looke downe with grace
On Thine Anointed's face.

10. One day, which in Thy Courts He spends,
Thousands of ours transcends.

I'd rather keep a door with thee,
Then all earth's glory see.

11. For God our shield, our Sun, and light,
Crownes those that walk upright.
Nor failes all good such men to give,
Who in His Statutes live.

12. O Lord of Hosts, great God of Might,
Who dwell'st in endlesse light :
How blessed shall that servant be,
Who puts his trust in Thee ?



PSAL. LXXXV.

1. **L**ord! to thy land Thou good hast been,
Which hath Thy favour seen :
Thou *Jacob's* Off-spring hast set free
From thtir captivitie.
2. Thou thy forgivenes didst dispense,
To cover all offence. (burn'd,
3. Thou hast remov'd Thy wrath which
And from thy fierceness turn'd.
4. Turne us O God of health, and peace,
O cause Thine anger cease.
5. Wilt Thou displeas'd for ever be
With all posterity ?
6. Wilt Thou not us againe receive ?
Thy peoples joyes enlive ?
7. Lord shew That mercy which we want,
And Thy salvation grant.
8. I will what God declares attend,
For He His peace will send,
And cures His Saints of all their paine,
If they not sin againe.
9. For His salvation is near,
To such as do Him fear :

That

That glory in our land may dwell,
And all things prosper well.

10. Mercy with Truth united is ;
Justice and Peace do kisse.
11. Truth springing out of earth is strook,
And Right from Heav'n doth look.
12. The Lord shall give us all things good ;
Our land yield store of food.
13. Before Him Righteousnes shall go,
His wayes and steps to shew.



P S A L. LXXXVI.

1. **B**ow down thine eare (Lord) to my cry,
Poor, and in misery :
2. Preserve my guiltles soul, whose faith
On thee depended hath.
3. Shew mercy (Lord !) for, all the day,
Before thy throne I pray :
4. Rejoyce thy servants soul, which he
Lifts up (O Lord) to thee.
5. Thou good and gracious do'st live,
And ready to forgive :

Thou

Thou plenteous mercy keep'st in store,
For all who Thee implore.

6. Unto my prayer (Lord) give care,
My supplications heare :

7. In time of trouble, and of greife,
Thou sendest me releife.

8. Among earths Gods, or Pow'rs Divine,
No works are like to thine.

9. The Nations all, whom Thou didst frame,
Shall glorifie Thy Name.

10. Thou wonders do'st (Great God) alone ;

11. Thy way to me make know'n.

My heart unto thy feare unite,
Who in thy name delight.

12. Then I my faculties will raise,
To honour Thee with praise ;

13. Who do'st my soul in mercy save
From the devouring grave.

14. O God ! the proud against me rise,
In furious companies :

Ungodly men my life have sought,
Who set thy pow'r at nought.

15. But Thou, a God compassionate,
Whose mercies not abate,

Long

Long suff'ring art, and patient,
To pardon sinners bent.

16. O turne to me in love againe ;
Let me thy pity gaine.
Give strength, and from destruction
O save Thine hand-maids son.

Some token of thy favour deigne,
Which may my haters shame.
Because Thou Lord ha'st brought me aid,
And art my comfort made.



PSAL. LXXXVII.

1. **U**Pon the Holy Mountaines brest,
Where God Himself doth rest,
By His protection firmly stay'd
Are Her foundations lay'd.

2. The Lord, who *Sion* did elect,
Hir gates doth more affect,
Then all the num'rous tents beside
Where *Jacob's* sons abide.

3. *Ierusalem* ! thou City faire,
God's dwelling, and His care !

Of thee, thou throne of *Indab's* Kings,
Are spoken glorious things.

4. I wil strong *Rabab* mention,
With high-towr'd *Babylon* :
The scorched *Ethiopian* lands,
The plaines where *Tyrus* stands ;

Philistia too shall reck'ned be,
With those acknowledg me :

5. For ev'ry quarter of the earth
Gives *Sions* children birth.
God shall establish Hir on high,
Hir numbers multiply :
When Nations far dispersed shall
Begather'd at His call.

6. And when the Lord His Churches fruits
With all Hir Sons computes,
They shall amongst His people know'n
Be counted for his own.

7. The Singers too rehearsed are,
Who there His praise declare ;
From whence arise fresh springs of Grace,
To water ev'ry place.



P S A L. LXXXVIII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **T**O Thee (O Lord) who me do'st save,
Both day and night I cryed have.
2. Lend to my voice a gracious eare ;
3. Whose troubled soul to death draws neare.
4. Cast down to earth, I'mongst the dead
5. Am only free, and numbered.
Like those who in the grave forgot,
By thee cut off, corrupt and rot.
6. Thou in the lowest pit ha'st layd,
And darkest deeps my cov'ring made :
7. I am hard pressed by Thy wrath,
And every wave afflicted hath :
8. Thou mine acquaintance hast remov'd,
And sever'd me from those I lov'd :
Their friendship turned is to hate ;
My life shut up, and desolate.
9. My weeping eye doth daily mourne,
My hands stretch'd out, my hopes forlorne.
10. Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead,
To praise Thee rais'd, and wakened ?

11. Shall

164 PSALME LXXXIX.

11. Shall the devouring grave declare,
How true thy promis'd mercies are ?
12. Or shall the dark Thy wonders see,
The land where all forgotten be ?
13. To Thee (O Lord) my cries are sent :
My prayer shall the morne prevent :
14. O why do'st Thou my soul reject,
And hid'st from me Thy blest aspect ?
15. Afflicted, and in misery,
I almost ready am to dy ;
From youth to age, in lifes each act,
Thy suffer'd terroures me distract ?
16. Thy wrath quite over me doth go,
Thine indignation strikes me so :
17. They, like the raging floods abound,
Or swelling waters, me surround.
18. My friends, and all my lovers are
By Thee, from my reliefe put far.
And those who my acquaintance were,
Conceal'd, or lost, my fight forbear.



P S A L. LXXXIX.

Sing this as Psalm 51.

1. **M**Y Song thy mercies shall make
Thy truth to all succession. (know'n,
2. For

2. For They built up for ever last :
And are in Heav'n establish'd fast :
3. I to my chosen *David* sware,
And did by Covenant declare ;
4. I stablish will thy seed alone,
And build to Thee a lasting Throne.
5. The Heav'ns Thy wonders praise confesse,
And Saints proclaime thy faithfulness.
For who in earth, or heaven are,
6. Whose might can with the Lord compare ?
7. Fear'd by His Saints, by them implor'd,
And by His servants still ador'd.
8. O Lord of Hosts, who is so strong ?
Whose word, like thine, endures so long ?
9. Thou rul'st the Seas that rage and rise,
Whose swelling wave becalmed lies :
10. Thou *Rabab* brak'st, like one that's dead ;
Thine arme thy foes hath scattered. (crease,
11. The Heav'ns are Thine, with earth's en-
And all the fulnesse growes from these.
12. The North & South thy pow'r did frame,
Taber and *Hermon* praise thy Name.
- 13 Thy mighty arme is lifted high ;
Thy right hand full of Majesty.
14. Thy Throne hath justice for its base,
Mercy and Truth before Thy face.

15. Bles-

15. Blessed are they, who at Thy Feasts,
And in Thy presence, are the guests.
16. They all the day rejoyce in Thee,
In righteousness exalted be.
17. Thy strength and glory them adorne,
Whose favour shall lift up our horne.
18. The Lord to us doth safety bring;
Thy Holy one remaines our King.
19. In visions Thou to Him hast said:
I on my chosen help have lay'd.
20. I have my servant *David* found,
With Oyle annointed Him, & crown'd.
21. Confirm'd, and strength'ned by my arme,
I will protect his life from harme.
22. No enemy on Him exact,
Nor hurt him shall, by wicked pact:
23. His foes beat down before him fly,
And shall by plagues consumed dy.
24. My mercy yet, to him assur'd,
Shall in his glory be secur'd.
- Second Part.*
26. His right hand; lifted ore the maine,
Shall to the in-land rivers reigne.
26. He, crying in his prayers, shall,
My God, and Rock, and Father, call:
27. I'll make him heire, my first begot;
Above earth's Kings advance his lot:

28. To Him my mercy nere shall waite ;
My Covenant stand ever fast.
29. His seed shall long endure, his Throne
Like Heav'ns unwearied motion.
30. But if His Sons my Law forsake,
31. Or my Commands and Statutes break ;
32. My rod shall punish their neglect,
My hand with stripes their sin correct.
33. Yet shall my love to him prevaile,
34. My Covenant nor change, nor faile.
35. To *David* have I sworne, that I
My promise would not falsify :
36. His seed shall governe, whil't the sun
About the world his course doth run ;
37. And like the Moon establish'd be
The faithfull pledg of my decree.
38. But thine annointed now thy wrath
Cast off, and quite abhorred hath.
39. Thou voyd hast made the Cov'nant seal'd ;
Profan'd his crowne, his Rule repeal'd :
40. His Bulwarks broke, his fences torne,
41. Make him his neighbour's spoyle, & scorne.
42. Thou strength'ned ha'st his foes right
That he in battail cannot stand ; (hand,
44. His sword wants edge, His glory's gone;
And to the earth cast down his throne.
45. Thou

45. Thou short'ned hast his youth ; His fame
Obscur'd, and cover'd is with shame.

46. Lord ! wilt Thou ever from us turne ?
Or shall, like fire, thine anger burne ?

47. Remember yet how short my dayes ;
How vaine man's life, how soon decaies.

48. What mortall lives , who shall not dy ?
And in the pit of silence ly ?

49. Where are thy mercies (Lord!) the faith
Thy oath to *David* plighted hath ?

50. Remember (Lord) thy servants shame ;
How mighty people us defame :

51. Thinke how thy foes have us abus'd,
And thine Anointed's steps traduc'd.

52. Yet shall my soul, how ere oppress'd,
Say evermore, The Lord be blest.



P S A L. X C.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **O** Lord ! Thou ha'st our refuge been ;
All ages have thy mercies seene.

2. Before the lofty hills were made,
Or earth's unmov'd foundation lay'd :

- From everlasting Thou art God,
And wilt out live times period :
3. Thou turn'st to dust the Sons of men :
Then say'st, Returne to life agen.
4. A thousand yeares in thy account
But to a day with us amount :
Nor are extended in thy sight,
Beyond the watch of one short night :
5. Our time runs on like rapid streams ;
We vanish as forgotten dreams : (spring ;
6. Like grasse or morning flowres, we
Then wither in the evening.
7. When Thou displeased art, we wast,
And unto nothing come at last.
8. Thou mark'st our deeds ; our sins of night
Are alwayes open to thy sight ;
Making the breach of thy pure Lawes,
Our death, and swift destructions cause.
9. From whence we suddenly waxe old,
Expiring like a tale that's told.
10. The common Age of mortall men
Exceeds not Threescore yeares and ten :
And if to Four score they attaine,
Their life is but a length'ned paine.
Incessant sorrowes, and disease,
Their faculties, and vigour seize ;

For soon cut off our dayes decay,
And suddenly we flie away.

11. But who regards Thy heauy wrath,
Or of Thy feare true feeling hath?
Neither Thy judgements, nor Thy love,
Can us unto repentance move.
12. Lord! so our dayes to number teach,
We may the end of wisedome reach:
And learne those errours to forget,
Which us in Thy displeasure set.
13. Returne(O Lord!) and now repent
At our endured punishment.
How long wilt Thou thy help delay,
Or not remove our woes away?
14. O satisfy our Soule with joyes,
To recompense Lifes past annoyes.
15. Afford us comfort for those yeares,
We were enforc'd to spend in teares.
16. Lord! Let Thy glorious work appeare,
Thy servants from the dust to reare.
That all succeeding times may know,
What praises to thy Name we owe.
17. O let thy beames of favour shine
On those, who in death's shade have ly'n.
Grant that for which we prayers make;
And prosper all we undertake.



P S A L. X C I.

1. **W** Ho so in God's protection dwell,
Abide secure, and well :
For shadow'd by th' Almighty's care
Both soul and body are.
2. I therefore to the Lord will say,
Thou art my hope and stay.
Thou art my refuge, my strong hold,
Who do'st my faith embold.
3. He shall preserve Thee from the net,
Which cunning hunters set :
Protecting thee by His defense,
In times of Pestilence.
4. He over thee His wings shall spread,
With safety covered :
And least temptation make thee yield,
His truth shall be thy shield.
5. The gastly terrours of the night
Shall not thy peace affright :
Nor arrowes, which by day do kill,
Thy life with slaughter spill.
6. No tainted aire, or noysome Pest
Thy dwelling shall infest.

No perills, which at noon destroy,
Thy safety shall annoy.

7. Though Thousands, or ten thousands dy'd,
Thick falling by thy side;

Thou shalt unhurt, and guarded stand
From sicknesse on each hand.

8. Thine eye the wicked shall behold
Unto destruction sold:

9. Yet them nor feares, nor dangers shake,
Who God their refuge make.

10. No evill hap shall Thee distast,
Nor plague thy dwelling wast.

11. For He his Angels shall command
Thy Centinells to stand.

12. In all thy wayes they shall thee keep,
Whither thou wake, or sleep.

And least a stone thy foot should hurt,
Their hands shall thee support.

13. No *Basilisk*, nor Adders sting
Thy life in danger bring.

Thou shalt upon the Lion tread,
And bruise the Dragons head.

14. Because his love is set on me,
I will his guardian be:

Since he acknowledg'd hath My name,
I will exalt his fame.

15. When

15. When ere he calls, I will him heare,
 In trouble, and in feare.
 I will to honour him advance ;
 And send deliverance.
16. With length of life, and happy daies
 I will his comforts raise.
 And when his time on earth is done,
 Give him salvation.



P S A L. XCII.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **I**T is a good and blessed thing
 Praise to Thy Name (most High) to sing.
2. Thy kindnes 'fore the morning light
 To shew, Thy faithfulness each night.
3. Upon a ten-string'd instrument
 With Psalteries well-tun'd concent,
 And on the solemne-sounding Lyre,
 Where all harmonious notes conspire.
4. For Thou (O Lord) my heart hast made,
 Through all Thy hands atchieuements, glad;
 Who, in Thy works, which earth do fill,
 Rejoyce, and alwayes triumph will.
 O Lord ! how great Thy actions are ?
 Deep are Thy thoughts, and hidden far.

No perills, which at noon destroy,
Thy safety shall annoy.

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Thick falling by thy side;

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Through all Thy hands atchievements, glad;
Who, in Thy works, which earth do fill,
Rejoyce, and alwayes triumph will.
O Lord ! how great Thy actions are ?
Deep are Thy thoughts, and hidden far.

The brutish doe not this attend,
Nor will the fooles it apprehend.

7. When like the Grasse, or flow'rs which
The wicked men are flourishing, (spring,
Ev'n then their quick destruction hasts.
8. But (Lord !) Thy glory ever lasts.
9. For lo, throw'n downe and scatter'd all
Thine enemies before Thee fall.
10. How ere, Thou wilt exalt my horne,
Like to the stately Unicorne.

With freshest oyle, and balme new shed,
Thou wilt annoint my conqu'ring head :

11. Mine eye shall see its just desire
On those, who 'gainst my life conspire :
And for those wicked enemies,
Who to my safeties hazard rise, (nought,
Mine eares shall heare them come to
By Thy revenge to ruin brought.

12. The righteous like the Palme shall grow,
Or Cedars on the mountaines brow.
13. Who in Gods House emplanted be,
Within His courts we prosper see.
14. In their old age they fruit shall bring;
Continue fat, and flourishing :
15. To shew, the Lord my Rock is just,
With whom no wicked harbour must.



P S A L. XCIII.

1. **T**He Lord our God doth reigne on high,
Cloathed with Majesty.
He vested is with glorious light,
And girds Himselfe with might.

The world created by His hand,
Established doth stand
So fast and firme upon its base,
It moves not from the place.

2. Yet far more stable, and more old,
Thy Throne (O Lord) shall hold:
Which, when earth's fabrick melts and waists,
Like Thee, for ever lasts.

3. The floods (O Lord !) lift up their voice,
In uproare, and in noyse,
The swelling waves up-lifted rise,
To band against the skies.

4. Yet is the Lord more mighty far
Then those proud waters are :
And stronger then the Oceans wave,
Which winds enchaſed have.

5. Thy Testimonies true and sure
Eternally endure.
And holynes becomes (O God !)
The house of Thine abroad.



P S A L. X C I V.

• **O** God ! who just revenge dost take,
Now let Thy vengeance wake.
2. Great Judge of earth arise, from hence
The proud to recompence.
3. How long (Lord) shall their wicked host,
How long triumph and boast ?
4. How long shall their insulting tongue
Joy in Thy servants wrong ?
5. They break Thy people (Lord) in rage,
Afflict Thine heritage.
6. They widowes slay, the poor oppress,
And kill the fatherless.
7. Yet hard'ned in presumption, they,
The Lord not sees us, say ;
Great *Jacobs* God doth not regard,
Nor will the sin reward.
8. Take heed yee brutish and unwise,
Who thus your crimes disguise.

Yee

Yee foolish people of the land,
When will yee understand?

9. Think ye, that he who plants the eare
Unable is to heare?

Or shall not he, who form'd the eye,
Your wickednes descry?

10. Shall he, who Nations overthrew,
Not know to punish you?

11. To whose all-searching view is brought:
The vaines of mans thought.

12. Blessed, (O Lord) and happy he,
Who chast'ned is by Thee;
Whom Thou in mercy do'st correct,
And in Thy Law direct.

13. That though with crosses over-prest,
He may in patience rest,
Till for transgressors ruin he
A pit prepared see.

14. For God his people not rejects,
Nor his own choise neglects:

15. But judgement all their wrongs shall right,
And comfort the upright.

16. Who will with me against those rise,
Who work iniquities?

17. But, from the Lord my help was seen,
My soule had silenc'd been.

18. When I, my slipping foot, complain'd,
Thy mercy me sustain'd,

19. When thoughts my griev'd soul excite,
Thy comforts hir delight.

20. Wilt Thou support the wicked's throne,
Or joyne it with Thine owne ?

Who, under Laws, and Reason's name,
Their acts of mischief frame.

21. Whose meetings, and whose plots are bent,
The just to circumvent.

Who sit in Counsaile, soules to kill,
And guiltles blood to spill.

22. But yet the Lord is my defense,
God is my confidence ;

My Rock, my refuge, and my tow'r,
To save me by His pow'r.

23. He on their heads the ill's shall bring
Which from themselves did spring.

And in their sins God's vengfull hand
Shall cut them from the land.



P S A L. X C V.

1. **O** Come, and let us to the Lord,
 Our cheerfull Songs record:
 Unto our Rock lift up our voice,
 And make a joyfull noyse.
 2. Let us with praise sent up on high
 Approach His presence nigh:
 With Psalmes and Anthems glad expresse
 Our bounden thankfulnes.

3. He is the God and King, whose hand
 The spacious earth hath spann'd:
 4. By Him steep hills, and seas were made;
 5. The dry land by Him lay'd.
 6. Come, let us worship and adore,
 Kneel downe the Lord before:
 7. For He our God is, we His care,
 His sheep, and people are.

To day if ye His voice will heare,
 8. No hard'ned heart bring neare;
 Like that provoking in the day
 You in the desert lay.

9. When your fore-fathers tempted me,
 Who did my wonders see: 10. And

10. And forty yeares you Tribes did pass,
Wherein I grieved was.

I said, my people err in heart,
And wilfully depart ;
My wayes prescrib'd they have not know'n,
Nor in my precepts gone.

11. To whom my just incensed wrath
By oath protested hath,
Those murmurers should nere be blest,
Or enter to my rest.



P S A L. XCVI.

Sing this as Psalme 51..or 100.

1. **A** New Song to the Lord rehearse,
Sing to him all the Universe.
2. Obleffe his Name, in Songs display
His saving mercies every day.
His glory, and his wonders tell
3. To Nations who far distant dwell.
4. This great Lord must be greatly prais'd,
Whose feare above all Gods is rais'd.
5. For Heathen Gods are Idols vaine :
But 'tis the Lord doth heav'n sustaine.
6. Honour

6. Honour, and awe are him before,
His sanctuary strong in pow'r.
7. Ye kindreds then on earth that live,
Unto the Lord due honour give:
8. Ascribe all glory to his Name,
And let his Courts with off'rings flame.
9. O worship him, your zeale expresse,
In beauty, and in holiness.
Let all the earth before him feare,
And say, God doth the Scepter beare.
10. The world shall be establish'd so,
It shall not from its fast'nings go.
He to the people righteously
His finall judgment shall apply.
11. Let earth be glad, and heav'n rejoyce;
The roaring Ocean make a noyse:
12. Be glad ye fruits sprung from the fields,
With all the trees the Forrest yields:
13. For lo, to judgment God doth come,
He comes to give the earth it's doome;
His just revenge the world pursu'th,
To judge the people with his trath.



P S A L. XCVII.

1. **L** Et earth rejoyce that God doth reigne,
And Isles within the maine.
2. Darknes and clouds waite Him upon ;
And Justice is His Throne.
3. Devouring fire before Him goes,
To burne His circling foes. (blaze,
4. Throughout the world His lightnings
Which trembling earth amaze.
5. Hills at his prefence turn'd to fume,
Like melting wax consume ;
6. The Heav'ns His righteousness proclaime,
And men confess His fame.
7. Let quick perdition all confound
To worship Idols bound :
Who boast in Stocks, and from Him swerve,
Whom all the Gods must serve.
8. *Sion* and *Iudah* both rejoyc'd,
To heare Thy judgments voyc'd ;
9. With whose exalted state none dare,
Or men, or Gods, compare.
10. Who

10. Who love the Lord, and do His will,
See that ye hate all ill :
He doth from wicked hands protect
The soules of His Elect.
11. Unto the Godly springs a light,
And joy to the upright.
12. Let righteous men their Lord then bless,
And praise His Holines.



P S A L. XCIII.

1. **V**Nto the Lord your Songs renew,
Who marvailes wrought for you.
His holy arme, and His right hand
The victory hath gain'd.
2. God His salvation hath made know'n,
His truth to Heathens shew'n.
3. His mercies have remembred been,
Earth His Salvation seen.
- 4 Make to the Lord a joyfull noyse;
Earth, in lowd Songs rejoyce :
- 5, With Harps unto your Maker sing,
And Psalmes tun'd to the string.
6. With

6. With Trumpets, and the Cornets sound :
 Let your full joyes rebound.
 All in your shrillest accents sing
 Before the Lord your King.

7. Let roaring Seas for gladnes swell :
 The world with those there dwell :

8. Floods clap their hands, the waves combine,
 All Hills in praises joyne.

9. For lo, to Judgment God doth come,
 To give the earth it's doome.
 With justice He the world will try,
 And men with Equity.



PSAL. XCIX.

1. **T**He Lord doth reigne : ye people all
 With trembling 'fore Him fall.
 His throne 'twixt *Cherubs* He doth make :
 Let earth be mov'd and shake.
 2. The Lord is in His *Sion* great,
 Above the world His Seat ;
 3. Let all the Holines proclaime
 Of His most awfull Name.

4. This King of strength true Judgment loves,
 And equity approves, Thou

Thou do'st Thy righteous judgments fruit
In *Jacob* execute.

5. Exalt the Lord, and Him adore,
His foot-stoole fall before.

6. *Moses*, and *Aaron* 'mongst His Priests,
On whom His service rests.

And *Samuel* 'mongst those that came
To supplicate His Name.

These call'd on Him, and when they pray'd,
He gracious answer made.

7. He from the pillar of the Cloud
Did speak to them aloud :

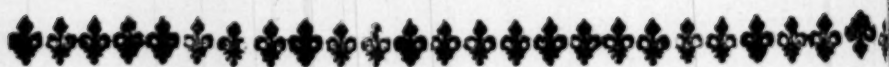
Whose Testimonies they obey'd,
Nor from His statutes stray'd.

8. Thou answer'dst them, O Lord our God!
With mercy us'dst Thy rod :

Their sins Thy wrath did not forbear;
Yet they forgiven were.

9. The Lord our God then magnify;
Exalt His praise on high :

And worship at His sacred Hill;
For God is holy still.



P S A L. C.

1. **M**Ake to the Lord a joyfull noyse,
All lands to Him lift up your voice :
2. Serve Him with gladnes, let your tongue
Approach His presence with a Song.
3. Know He is God, by whose hand we,
And not our own, created be :
We are His people, and the sheep
His folds enclose, His pastures keep.
4. Enter with thanks His dwelling place,
And let His Courts resound with praise :
Your gratitude to Him profess ;
His glorious Name for ever bless.
5. For He is good, and great His care,
His mercies everlasting are ;
His truth eternally shall last,
When Time, and all successions wast.

P S A L. C I.

P S A L. CI.

1. **I** Mercy will, and Judgment sing,
To Thee my Lord and King.

2. I wisely will my steps direct
In wayes of Thine elect.

O when wilt Thou to me come neare?

Thy presence when appear?

Who in my house with perfect heart
Will nere from Thee depart.

3. No wicked thing before mine eyes
Will I behold, or prize.

I hate the work of them, whose pride
From Thee doth turne aside.

4. A wicked man, and froward heart
Shall from my thoughts depart:

Nor with the sinfull, or perverse
My knowledg shall converse.

5. I will cut off the man, whose spight
His neighbour doth back-bite.

With him, whose heart, or look is high,
I never will comply.

6. Upon the faithfull of the land
Mine eyes shall fixed stand.

Who

Who walketh in the perfect way,
Shall in my service stay.

7. My house shall never give receipt
To him that works deceit :

Nor shall he tarry in my sight,
Who doth in lyes delight.

8. All those in wickedness that joy
I early will destroy ;

And from the City of the Lord
Cut all whom He abhorr'd.



P S A L. CII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **H**Eare me (O Lord!) and let my cry
To Thy bright throne ascend on high.

2. Hide not Thy face in time of need,
But answer my request with speed.

3. For all my daies away consume
Like to the smoak, or rising fume.
My bones like fired brands became,
Burnt up & scorch'd in sorrowes flame.

4. My heart like grasse is withered,
And I forget to eat my bread :

5. I waſt and pine in daily groanes,
That ſcarſe my fleſh cleaves to my bones :
6. Like Pelicans remov'd from light,
Or Owles in deſarts ſhunning light :
7. As ſparrowes their loſt mates bemoane,
So do I watch, and ſit alone.
8. I with reproach all day am torne
Of enemies againſt me ſworne ;
9. I aſhes eat inſtead of bread,
And drink the tears my ſorrows ſhed. (grow'n
10. Which miſcheifs from thy wrath are
Since thou who rais'd, haſt caſt me down.
11. Thus like the dark declining ſhade,
Or dying flow'r, I hourelly fade.
12. Yet thou (O Lord doſt ſtill endure,
From times ſucceſſive change ſecure.
13. Thou therefore ſhalt in mercy riſe,
And *Sion* help, which ruin'd lies ;
The time is come for hir repaire,
14. Whoſe ſtones and rubbiſh prized are.
Thy ſervants pity hir neglect,
And on hir duſt with ſighs reflect.
15. So ſhall the Heathen feare Thy Name,
And Kings Thy Majeſty proclaime.
16. When God ſhall *Sion's* buildings reare,
And in His glory ſhall appeare ;

17. He

17. He will regard the poor man's suit,
And not despise the destitute :
18. This shall be written for record,
That after Times may praise the Lord.

Second Part.

19. The Lord from high His beams display'd;
And, out of Heaven, earth survey'd ;
20. The Captives fetters to unty,
And Pris'ners save condemn'd to dy.
21. That so in *Sion* blessed hill,
And *Salem* which His wonders fill,
22. They may His name, and praise declare,
When all the people gather'd are.

23. He hath my strength to weaknes brought,
My Short'ned dayes are come to nought :
24. So that to God I thus did pray ;
O take me not as yet away :
Nor cast me off from this lifes stage,
In prime of youth, and mid'st of age.
For though My dayes be few, and fraile,
Thy yeares, O God, will never faile.

25. Thou (Lord) hast earth's foundation lay'd,
And by Thy hand the Heav'ns were made:
They all shall perish, and decay,
And in their time consume away.
Like to a garment, when grow'n old,
They shall nor use, nor motion hold.

But

But though the world, and they must
Thy Being is perpetuall. (fall,

27. Yea as a vesture worne, and chang'd,
Is from it's gloss and forme estrang'd:
So Shalt Thou change this massy frame;
Yet still Thy selfe abide the same.
28. And like Thy selfe from changes freed,
Thou wilt prolong Thy servants seed;
Whose children shall remaine with
And in Thy sight establisht be. (Thee,



P S A L. CIII.

As Psalme 51.

1. **M**Y Soul thy best devotion raise
To bless the Lord, and sing His
2. O never unremembred be (praise.
The benefits He powr'd on thee:
3. Whose pardon doth all sins release,
And keep thy body from disease:
4. Who thee redeem'd, to death cast downe,
And doth thy life with mercies crowne.
5. Who with good things shall fill thy mouth;
And eagle-like renew thy youth.
6. He

6. He by right judgment hath redrest
All such as are by wrong oppress.
7. His wayes have know'n to *Moses* been ;
The *Israelites* His works have seen.
8. All which His will, and nature shew,
To mercy swift, to vengeance flow.
9. He will not alwayes with us chide ;
Nor let His anger long abide :
10. Nor deales according to our sin,
Nor have our crimes rewarded bin.
11. For high as Heav'n is earth above,
So large, so boundless is his love ;
12. Removing all our sins as far,
As East and West divided are.
13. Yea like a Father's to his Son,
To us is his compassion.
14. He knowes our frame too weak to trust,
Remembring that we are but dust.
15. The daies of man, like to the grass,
Or fading flow'r, to nothing pass.
16. Which blow'n and shaken by the wind,
Leave neither place, nor print behind.
17. His goodnes though, confirm'd, and sure,
To childrens children doth endure.
18. Ev'n unto such, whose cleare intents
Walk after His Commandements.

19. The

19. The Lord in heav'n prepares His throne,
And governs all the world alone.

O therefore bleſs that pow'rſull Lord,
Who made, and rules us by His word.

20. Ye Angels that in ſtrength excell,
And never 'gainſt His word rebell :

21. Ye winged Miniſters, who ſtill
Prepared are to aſt His will :

Ye Heav'nly hoſts, and creatures all,

22. Bleſs Him, and at His foot-ſtool fall.

Laſtly my Soul thy Maker praiſe,
And bleſs His goodnes all thy daies.



P S A L. CIV.

As Pſalme 51.

1. **M**Y Soul the Lord for ever bleſs :
MO God ! Thy greatneſſe all confeſs ;
Whom Majeſty and honour veſt,

2. In robes of Light eternall dreſt.
He Heaven makes his Canopy ;

3 His chambers in the waters ly :
His Chariot is the cloudy ſtorme,
And on the wings of wind is borne.

K

4. He

4. He Spirits makes His Angels quire ;
His Ministers a flaming fire.
5. He so did earth's foundations cast,
It might remaine for ever fast :
6. Then cloath'd it with the spacious deep,
Whose wave outswells the mountaines
7. At Thy rebuke the waters fled, (steep.
And hid their thunder-frighted head.
8. They from the mountaines streaming flow,
And downe into the Vallies go :
Then to their liquid center hast,
Where their collected floods are cast.
9. These in the Ocean met, and joyn'd,
Thou hast within a bank confin'd :
Not suff'ring them to pass their bound,
Least earth by their excess be drown'd.
10. He from the hills his Chrístall springs
Down running to the vallies brings :
11. Which drink supply, and coolnes yield,
To thirsting beasts throughout the field.
12. By them the fowles of heaven rest,
And singing in their branches nest.
13. He waters from his clouds the Hills ;
The teeming earth with plenty fills.
14. He grafs for Cattle doth produce,
And every Herbe for humane use :

That

That so He may His creatures feed,
And from the earth supply their need.

15. He makes the clusters of the vine,
To glad the Sons of men with wine.
He oyle to cheere the face imparts,
And bread, the strength'ner of their hearts.

Second Part.

16. The trees, which God for fruit decreed,
Nor sap, nor moyst'ning vertue need.
The lofty *Cedars* by His hand
In *Lebanon* emplanted stand.

17. Unto the birds these shelter yield,
And Storks upon the fir-trees build :

18. Wild goats the hills defend, and feed,
And in the Rocks the Conies breed.

19. He made the changing Moone appeare,
To note the seasons of the yeare.
The Sun from Him his strength doth get,
And knows the measure of his Set.

20. Thou mak'st the darkness of the night,
When beasts creep forth that shunn'd the

21. Young Lions, roaring after prey, (light.
From God their hunger must allay.

22. When the bright Sun casts forth his ray,
Down in their Dennes themselvs they lay.

23. Man's labour, with the morne begun,
Continues till the day be done.

24. O Lord! what wonders hast thou made,
In providence and wisedome layd?
The earth is with Thy riches crown'd,
25. And Seas, where creatures most abound.
26. There go the ships, which swiftly fly,
There great *Leviathan* doth ly,
Who takes his pastime in the flood:
27. All these do waite on Thee for food.
28. Thy bounty is on them distill'd,
Who are by Thee with goodnes fill'd.
29 But when thou hid'st Thy face, they dy,
And to their dust returned ly.
30. Thy spirit all with life endues,
The springing face of earth renews.
31. Gods glory ever shall endure,
Pleas'd in His works, from change secure.
32. Upon the earth He looketh downe,
Which shrinks & trembles at His frowne:
His lightnings touch, or thunders stroak,
Wil make the proudest mountains smoak.
- 33 To Him my Ditties, whil'st I live,
Or being have, shall praises give:
- 34 My Meditations will be sweet,
When fixt on Him my comforts meet.
35. Upon the earth let sinners rot,
In place, and memory forgot.

But

But thou, my soul, thy Maker blefs;
Let all the world His praise exprefs,



P S A L. CV.

1. **O** Thank the Lord, invoke His Name,
His deeds to all proclaime.
2. With Psalmes His praises celebrate,
His wond'rous works relate.
3. Glory in Him ye whose desires,
And heart for God enquires,
4. Seek ye the Lords all-pow'rfull might,
His faces glorious light.
5. The works of wonder He hath done,
And Judgments think upon,
6. Ye who from faithfull *Abraham*,
And chosen *Iacob* came.
7. He is the Lord, whose judgments show'n
Through all the earth are know'n :
8. He Cov'nant keeps in word and deed,
To thousands that succeed.
9. To *Abraham*, and *Izack* both
He promis'd with an oath ;
10. And for a Law His sacred pact
To *Iacob* did enact :

K 3

11. In

11. In which He vow'd, that *Israel*
In *Canaan's* Land should dwell ;
12. When they in number weak, and few,
Nor place, nor people knew.
13. When they much time in travailes spent,
Through divers Nations went ;
14. All those that wrong'd them He remov'd,
And Kings for them reprov'd.
15. To whom He said (by His command
That none should them withstand ;)
Gainst mine Anointed list no arme,
Nor do my Prophets harme.
16. A famine through the land He spread,
Which brake their staffe of bread.
17. Yet He by *Ioseph* had decreed
He would His people feed :
18. Whose feet, when into bondage sold,
They did in fetters hold ;
19. Till God ordained his release,
And gave his triall ease.
20. The King sent, from Captivitie
To loose, and set him free.
21. He made him all His house command,
Cheife Ruler of the Land.
22. Yea he such Sov'raigne pow'r resign'd,
He might his Princes bind :

And,

And, tutor'd by His counsailes wife,
His Senators advise.

Second Part.

23. Then *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
A Sojourner in *Ham*.
24. Where his encreased people growes
Much stronger then their foes :
25. Whose heart He turn'd their name to hate,
And use them with deceit :
26. Till *Moses* for their succour sent,
With chosen *Aaron* went.

27. They most prodigious wonders shew'd,
And signes in *Hams* aboard :
28. Where darkness, blacker then their nights,
In midst of noone affrights :
The foggs, and vapours Him obey,
By putting out the day.
29. Fish in their waters turn'd to blood
Were smother'd in the Flood.

30. Now *Egypt* frogs abundant brings
In chambers of their Kings.
31. He spake, and swarmes of Flies arise ;
Their coasts are fill'd with Lice.
32. For raine, He haile and tempest powres,
And flames of fire, for showres.
With storme their Vines and Fig. trees shook,
Through all their land were broke.

34. Locusts, and caterpillers bred,
Not to be numbered,
35. All herbs and fruits that could be found
Devoured on the ground.
36. Their first borne He through *Egypt* slew,
Their cheifest strength orethrew.
37. But brought His People forth with wealth,
Not one decay'd in health.

38. *Egypt* was glad and quit of feare,
When They departed were.
39. Whose guide by day the cloud became,
And in the night a Flame.
40. On quailles His longing people fed,
From Heav'n He gave them bread.
41. He from the rock made waters flow,
Springs in dry places grow.

42. To *Abraham* His promise made
He in remembrance had;
43. He brought with joy His people thence,
Secur'd by His defense.
44. And gave Them for their lot a soyle
Enrich'd by others toyle:
45. That in His Statutes they might live.
To him all praises give.



P S A L. CVI.

Sing this as Psalm 51.

1. **O** Praise and thank our gracious God,
Whose mercy knowes no period.
2. Who can His mighty acts declare?
Or shew how due His praises are?
3. They blessed are who judg aright,
And alwayes in th^e Truth delight.
4. Lord think on me with Thine Elect;
Let Thy salvation me protect.
5. Me to Thy Chosen's joyes aduance,
The blis of Thine inheritance.
6. Our sins with sorrow we confess,
Who, like our Fathers, still transgress.
7. Thy works in *Egypt* they forgot,
Thy mercies there remembred not:
But at the Sea did Him provoke,
8. Who yet their safety not forsook.
9. The Red Sea he rebuk'd, and dry'd,
Whose waters wall'd them on each side.
And through its depths uncovered,
As safe, as through the desert, led:

10. Sav'd them from foes that did pursue ;
11. All which the waters overthrew.
12. Then they beleev'd, and praises gave ;
13. Though soon forgot, who them did save.

14. They lusted in the wildernes,
And God by their temptations press ;
15. Who was to their request attent ;
Into their soules though leannes sent.
16. They *Moses* in the Camp envy'd,
And *Aaron's* office vilify'd.
17. For which earth open'd to devour
Abiram's Troops, and *Dathan's* pow'r.

18. Then kindled was a furious fire,
Which burnt up those that did conspire.
19. Their hands a Calfe in *Horeb* made ;
And to the Molten Image pray'd.
20. His glory thus who them releast
Was now converted to a beast.
21. And *Egypt's* wonders, the Red Sea,
22. Or Land of *Ham*, forgotten be.

23. Then God, He would destroy them, said ;
Till *Moses* intercession made :
Who in the deadly breach did stand,
To turn away His vengfull hand.
24. His promis'd Land they now despise,
25. And murmurs in their tents arise :
26. That

26. That in the Defart He decreed,
 27. To scatter them, and all their seed.

Second Part.

28. To *Baal Peor* joyn'd, they fed
 On sacrifices to the dead.
 29. Still their inventions Him provoke;
 For which the Plague upon them broke.
 30. Then *Phinehas* aveng'd th' offence,
 And staid the mortall pestilence:
 31. Which all successions held a seale
 Of righteousness, and holy zeale.
 32. Then at the waters where they strove,
 They did againe His anger move:
 Where it so ill with *Moses* went,
 He suffer'd in their punishment.
 33. Because his spirit, meek and mild,
 Provoked was, whilst they revild:
 And discontented for their sake,
 Some unadvised language spake.
 34. The sinfull Nations of the Land
 They not destroy'd at Gods command:
 35. But learn'd their rites, with heathens mixt;
 36. Ensnar'd, while on their Idols fixt.
 37. As gifts to Divels offered, (shed:
 Their Sonnes, and daughters blood they
 38. Whose guiltless lives to Idols flaine
 Did all the Land of *Canaan* staine.

39. Thus

39. Thus they defil'd a whoring went,
In impious works themselves invent.
40. Therefore the Lords enkindled rage
Abhorred His own heritage.
41. He gave Them up to Heathen pow'rs ;
Their haters made Their conquerours :
42. Opprest they were, by foes subdu'd ;
43. Yet sav'd, as oft their sins renew'd.
- 44 But hearing their afflicted Cry,
He pittie'd their calamity.
45. He most compassionate, and kind,
His Covenant recall'd to mind,
And in his mercy did repent
The sharpnes of their punishment.
46. He made ev'n those with pity look,
Who Them before had captives took.
47. Save us, O Lord our God ! protect,
And from the Heathen us collect :
To thank thy Name through all our daies,
And triumph in Thy mercies praise.
48. O let the God of *Israel*
Be blest, whose benefits excell.
To Him be praises endless pay'd :
And let *Amen* by all be say'd.



P S A L. CVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **O** Thank the goodnes of our God,
Whose mercy knowes no period.
2. Let *Israel* confess, His hands
3. Have gather'd them from forraigne lands :
From North, and South, & East, and West,
4. Where they no City had to rest :
But in the wildernes disperst,
5. With hunger pin'd, and faint with thirst.
6. Then they their Cries to God address,
Who them deliver'd from distress.
7. He them directed in his way,
To find a City for their stay.
8. O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodness doth afford :
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the sons of men.
9. The longing soul He satiates still,
The hungry doth with goodness fill,
10. Who sit in darkness, and death's shade,
In iron and affliction lay'd.

11. Be-

11. Because 'gainst God they did rebell,
And from His words, and counsaile fell,
12. Therefore their heart by labours broke
Found none to ease them from their
(yoak.
13. Then they their cries to God address,
Who them deliver'd from distress:
14 He them from death and darknes brought,
And freedome from their bondage wrought.
15. O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodnes doth afford;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.
16. For He the gates of brasse hath broke,
The iron barres in sunder strook.
17. The foolish for their acted sin
Have by His hand afflicted bin.
18. So that their soul in sicknes cast,
Abhorring meat, could nothing tast.
19. Then they their cries to God address;
Who them deliver'd from distress.
20. His word He sent them, which reveal'd,
Their sorrowes, and dejections heal'd.
21. O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great mercies doth afford;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

22. And

22. And let their Songs of gladnes rise,
To pay their thankfull sacrifice.

Second Part.

23. They that in ships their trafick keep,
24. Behold Gods wonders in the deep.
25. For he commands the storme to blow,
26. Whose billowes them to heaven throw :
Then downe they fall, as if their graves
Were made beneath the gaping waves.
27. They stagger to and fro, and reele,
And like a drunkard rowles the keele.

28. Then they their cries to God address,
Who them delivers from distress :
29. He calmes the storme, whose rage gives ore;
30. And lands them on the wished shore.
31. O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodnes doth afford ;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

32. In great assemblies bless his Name,
And 'mongst the Elders speak his fame :
33. Who rivers like a desert dryes ;
Makes parched sands, where springs did rise.
34. He barren makes a fruitfull ground,
For sins which in the Land abound.
35. Then to a poole the desert brings,
And turns dry grounds to water springs.
36. There

208 PSALME CVIII.

36. There He the hungry soules hath fill'd,
That they may live, and Cities build :
37. To plant the vine, and sowe the field,
Which may hir fruits with plenty yield.
38. He multiplies, and gives them peace,
Their flocks not suff'ring to decrease.
39. Againe they few, when sinfull, grow ;
His punishments then brought them
(low.
40. He mighty Princes put to scorne,
Makes them like wanderers forlorne.
41. Yet setteth He the poor on high,
And spreads like flocks his family.
42. The righteous will rejoyce to see,
When envies mouth shall stopped be.
43. Who so is wise, will hence record
The loving kindnes of the Lord.



PSAL. CVIII.

1. **O** God my heart is fix'd, and bent,
Prepared my intent.
I will Thy might in songs of praise,
And glorious ditties raise.
2. Wake Psaltery, and harp awake,
The morning I will take ;

3. That

3. That through the world my early verse
Thy praises may disperse.

4. Thy mercy 'bove the Heaven extends,
Thy truth the clouds transcends.

5. Be Thou exalted 'bove the skies,
'Bove earth in glory rise.

6. That Thy beloved still may be
From all invasion free ;
Thy right hand in their safety reare,
And their petitions heare.

7. God by his truth did oft profess,
He would his servants bless.

I will divide faire *Shechems* soile,
And *Succoths* valley spoile.

8. *Manasseb*, *Gilead*, both are mine,
In war shall *Ephraims* shine :

But *Judab's* Scepter all must aw,
And give my people Law.

9. *Moab* shall be a dunghill grow'n,
Proud *Edom* overthrow'n.

Philistia's boasted triumphs shall
Be buried in hir fall.

10. Who mee will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edoms* strength and head?

That I may breake hir fensed gate,
And trample on hir state ?

11. O Thou my God, who cast'dst us off,
And mad'st our force their scoff!
Wilt not Thou with our armies go,
To quell th' insulting foe?
12. From trouble save us once againe;
For help of man is vaine.
Through God we shall in battaile rise,
And foyle our enemies.



P S A L. CIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. **G**Od of my praise! nor silent be,
Nor unattentive unto me.
2. For wicked mouths me falsely wrong,
And wound me with their lying tongue.
3. They compass me with words of hate,
And causeless vex me with debate.
4. For all my friendship they are foes:
But I my grief in pray'r disclose.
5. My good with evill they requite,
And my affection pay with spight.
6. Let wicked rulers him command,
And *Satan* stand at his right hand,

7. Let him, when judg'd, receive his doome,
And let his pray'r, his sin become.
8. His daies both few, and irksome make,
His office let another take.
9. May fatherless his children live ;
His wife forlorne, a widow grieve :
10. Like vagrants let them want their bread ;
And, where they beg it, not be fed.
11. Let him be made extortions spoyle,
And strangers reap his harvests toyle.
12. None him their pitties object make,
Nor on his seed compassion take.
13. His name from earth, and Off-spring blot,
In the succeeding age forgot.
14. And ever let the Lord retaine
His Fathers sin, and Mothers staine.
15. Still let them stand before His ey,
To cut from earth his memory :
16. Who merciless the poor pursu'd,
And wounds of broken hearts renew'd.
17. Feele he those curses which he lou'd ;
All blessings be from him remov'd.
18. As curses cloath'd him round about,
So seize they him, within, without ;
Like water through his bowels flow'd,
Or oyle into his bones bestow'd :

19. So let them cloath, and gird him fast,
Returning on himself at last.
20. Thus let the Lord reward my foes,
Who to reproach my soul expose.
21. But for the mercies of Thy Name,
Deliver me (O Lord) from shame.
22. For I am poor, and prest with need ;
My wounded heart doth inward bleed.
23. I like the falling shadow go ;
As puffs of wind the Locusts throw.
24. My feeble knee through fasting failes,
And faintnes ore my flesh prevailes :
25. I am their scorne and laughter bred,
They looking on me shake their head.
26. Help me (O Lord !) who mercy crave ;
27. That they may know, thy hand can save.
28. Bless when they curse ; their pride confound ;
But let me live with gladnes crown'd.
29. Lord ! let my shamed enemy
In sharp confusion cloathed ly.
30. So shall Thy praises with my tongue
Be in the full assembly sung.
31. For God will at the poor's right hand,
By His protection, ready stand ;
To save his innocence from them,
Who wrongfully his soul condemne.

P S A L. CX.

1. **T**He Lord, whose pow'r all things doth
 Unto my Lord did say: (sway,
 Sit at my right hand, till thou see,
 Thy foes Thy foot-stool be.
2. The Lord Thy Scepter shall extend,
 And strength from *Sion* send;
 That all Thine enemies below
 May to Thy Kingdome bow.
3. The people in great numbers shall
 That day before Thee fall;
 Whose glorious Birth, and youthfull hue
 Is as the morning dew.
4. The Lord hath sworne, who not repents
 His long decreed intents,
 Thou do'it from great *Melchisedek*
 Thy Royall Priest-hood take.
5. God at Thy right hand Kings shall wound,
 And Nations strong confound:
6. Whose countries shall be overspread
 With Bodies of their dead.

7. He

7. He of the River in the way
 Shall drink, his thirst to stay :
 And his victorious head advance
 In our Deliverance.



P S A L. CXI.

To the usual Tune.

1. **P**Raise God : with heart and tongue,
 The Quire of Saints among,
 His praises shall be sung.

2 The works of God are great ;
 All those will them repeat,
 Whose thoughts on Him are set.

3. His actions glorious are,
 Renown'd and honour'd far ;
 Nor can His truth empaire :

4. His wonders fill our thought,
 Who hath compassion wrought ;
 And pittie shewes, when fought.

5. He hath His servants fed,
 Giv'n those, that fear Him, bread,
 His Cov'nant stablished :

6. His

6. His pow'r to them exprest,
And made His people rest,
Where Heathen late possesse.
7. What ever wrought His hands,
In truth and judgment stands,
And sure are His Commands :
8. They all for ever last,
By His decree kept fast,
Till fleeting time is past.
9. He did His people save,
Whom Tyrants did enslave ;
His sacred Cov'nant gave :
Renowned is His fame,
And reverend His Name,
Which all the world proclaime.
10. God's fear true wisdom brings ;
The knowledg of good things
From that beginning springs.
They understand aright,
Who make His Lawes their light,
And still His praise recite.

PSAL. CXII.



P S A L: CXII.

1. **B**lest is the man that feares the Lord,
Delighting in His word :
2. His seed on earth shall mighty be,
Blest his posteritie.
3. His house with riches shall abound,
His life with plenty crown'd.
His righteous dealing, clear as sure,
For ever shall endure.
4. In shades of darknesse to th' upright
There riseth up a light.
He gracious is, and free from hate,
His heart compassionate.
5. A good man mercy shewes, and lends ;
Nor in his words offends :
6. He shall not move, but placed be
In lasting memorie.
7. He, of ill tidings not afraid,
Hath God his refuge made :
Thus fix'd, his heart shall never faile,
8. But 'gainst his foes prevaile. 9. With

9. With liberall hand unto the poor
 He hath disperst his store,
 His righteousnesse shall still remaine,
 And lasting honour gaine.

10. The wicked man, when this he seeth,
 For spight shall gnash his teeth :
 And, melted by his envies fire,
 Perish in his desire.



P S A L. CXIII.

To the vsuall Tune.

1. **T**He Lord O ye His servants praise,
 To His great Name your ditties raise,
2. Which blest and sacred be alwaies :
3. Ev'n from the rising of the Sun,
 Till to the West his course be run,
 Nis Name is to be prais'd alone.
4. The Lord above all Nations high,
 Is seated in great Majesty,
 And in the Heav'ns His glories ly.
5. What pow'r created parallels
 The Lord our God who thus excells,
 And far above the Heaven dwells?

L 150. Who

6. Who humbling downe himselfe doth bow,
Not only things in heaven to know,
But what is done in earth below.
7. To him that did in dust deplore,
He joyfull comforts doth restore;
And from the dunghill lifts the poore:
8. That set with Princes of the earth,
And persons of a Royall birth,
His sorrows may be chang'd to mirth.
9. The barren woman, when implor'd,
His bounty hath with children stor'd:
O therefore praise this gracious Lord.



P S A L. CXIV.

1. **W**hen *Israel* from *Egypt* went
Free from his banishment,
And *Iacob* came from that strange land,
Conducted by God's hand:

2. The house of *Judah*, which did passe,
His Sanctuary was:
And *Israel* the chosen throne
Of His dominion.

3. The Sea saw that, and did disperse,
Jordan his course reverse.

The

4. The Mountaines skip'd like sporting rams,
The little hills like Lambs.

5. What ay'ld thy waters, O thou Sea,
That they so fled from thee?

Jordan, what did thy current lack,
That thou wast driven back?

What Miracle did then prevaile,
That both your streams should faile?

6. You Mountaines, that yeskip'd like rams?
Yee little hills like Lambs?

7. Tremble thou earth, when *Iacobs* God
Commands thee with his rod:

8. Who from the Rock did waters bring,
And made the flint a spring.



PSAL. CXV.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **N**Ot unto us (O Lord!) but Thee,
Thy Name, Thy Truth, the glory be.

2. Why should the heathen Thee defy,
Whilst, Where is now their God? they cry?

3. Our God in heaven doth remaine,
And acts what ere he did ordaine.

L 2

4. Their

Their Idols Silver are, and Gold:
The work which hands of men did

(mould.

5. Mouths have they, yet they speechlesse be;
And they have eyes, but cannot see:
6. They ears possesse, which nothing heare;
And noses, not for smelling, beare. (walk;
7. Their hands not touch, their feet not (talk.
Nor through their throat resounds their
8. Who make them are as vaine as they;
And so are all that to them pray.

9. 10. O *Israel* ! O *Aarons* line !

11. O yee that in His feare combine !

Trust ye in God, who is your shield;
Protection He, and help doth yield.

12. He, mindfull still of our redresse,
Will *Israel*, and *Aaron* blesse.

13. Who feare Him, small or great, are blest,

14. And in their race shall be encreast.

15. You are the blessed of the Lord,

Who heaven fram'd, and earth hath stor'd:

16. He in the Heav'n of Heavens lives,

But earth unto mans children gives.

17. The dead Thy praises cannot shew,

Nor those who downe to silence go :

18. But we the Lord through all our daies

Will blesse. The Lord for ever praise.

PSAL. CXVI.



PSAL. CXVI.

1. **I** Love the Lord, and am well pleas'd,
He hath me heard, and eas'd.

2. Whilst therefore life continue shall,
I will upon Him call.

3. The snares of death about me dwelt,
And paines of Hell I felt.

Disturbed thoughts, and heavinesse
My conscience did oppress.

4. Then to the Lord my plaint I made,
And thus unto Him said :

O Lord ! my soule from falling save,
And lift me from the grave.

5. The Lord is gracious, and just,
To those His mercy trust :

6. His Hand the simple doth protect,
When crosses them deject.

7. Turne then my soule unto thy rest ;
God's favours have thee blest.

He bountifully doth reward,
And thee from dangers guard.

8. Thou keep'st my soule from death's pale. (feares,
My drooping eyes from teares,

And did'st my wand'ring steps recall,
When I was apt to fall.

9. My feet before the Lord shall stand
In His eternall land.

10. I therefore pray'd, and thus believ'd;
Yet still my heart was griev'd.
For in my foes successe I fail'd,
Till faith at last prevail'd:

11. Then I all men for Lyars knew,
And God alone for true.

12. What retribution shall I give
To him by whom I live?
Or what acknowledgment apply,
For His benignity?

13. Salvations sacred Cup I'll take,
And humble prayers make.

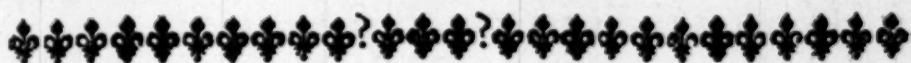
14. Before His people shall be pay'd
The vows which I have made.

15. For those that live like Saints upright,
And in the Lord delight,
Are living dear unto His eye,
And pretious when they dy.

16. Lord I Thy faithfull servant am,
And still adore Thy Name.
Thou loosed hast my heavy yolk,
My bonds in sunder broke.

17. There.

17. Therefore my praises unto Thee
 Shall daily offer'd be :
 My gratitude and pray'r shall rise,
 Like thankfull sacrifice.
18. The vowes shall be, which I have made,
 Before the people pay'd,
19. Who in Thy house and sacred Courts
 To praise Thy Name resorts.



PSAL. CXVII.

1. **O** All ye Nations record,
 The Praises of the Lord ;
 Ye people through the Universe,
 Your Makers praise rehearse.
2. For He to us great kindness shewes,
 And Mercies large bestowes.
 His constant Truth no time decaies :
 The Lord for ever praise.



PSAL. CXVIII.

1. **O** Thank the goodness of our God,
 Whose mercy knowes no period.

L 4

2. Let

2. Let *Israel* their voices joyne;
3. Let those who come from *Aarons* loyne,
4. Let all who feare the Lord confesse
His mercies everlastingnesse.
5. I call'd upon Him, when distrest;
Who me enlarged, and releast.
- 6 The Lord Himselfe is on my side;
I fearelesse mans attempts abide.
- 7 He takes their part who succour me:
I shall my haters ruin'd see.
8. 'Tis bettet in the Lord to trust,
Than leane on man, who is but dust:
9. Better rely on His defense,
Then put in Princes confidence.
10. All Nations me encompass'd round;
But His great Name shall them confound:
11. They closely set against me came,
But I destroy'd them in His Name.
12. Like bees they thick about me swarm'd,
Yet through His Name I was unharm'd:
As kindled Thorns, which blazing dy,
They quenched in their ashes ly.
13. Though pressing foes my fall assay'd,
The Lord Himself became my aid:
14. God is my health, my strength, my song:
15. Lowd joyes the Righteous are among.
16. For

16. For God's Right hand's lift up on high,
His Right hand acts most valiantly.
17. I shall not dy, but live to praise,
And speake His wonders all my daies.
18. Although the Lord me chaf't'ned fore,
He unto death not gave me ore.
19. Open His sacred Gates, that I
With praise the Lord may glorify. (just
20. This is the Gate, through which the
And righteous Persons enter must.
21. Thee wil I thank, who heard't my voice,
And mak't me in Thy help rejoyce.
22. That stone the builders from them lay'd,
The Head is of the Corner made.
23. This is Gods act; which in our eyes
Religious wonder multiplies :
24. This is the day the Lord hath made,
We will rejoyce, in it be glad.
25. Save now, and prosper we intreat,
O Lord ! who art as good, as great.
26. He blessed be, comes in His Name;
We blessings from God's house proclaime.
27. God is the Lord, whose light hath shin'd;
Pure Off'rings to His Altar bind.
28. Thou art my God, I Thee will praise,
And in my Song Thine honour raise.

O thank the goodnesse of our God,
Whose mercy knowes no period.



PSAL. CXIX.

A L E P H.

1. **B**lessed are They, who undefil'd,
Nor in their waies beguil'd,
2. God's Lawes obay, His statutes keep,
And with their whole heart seek.
3. No wicked act seduc'd them hath,
Or turn'd them from His path ;
4. For Thou command'st, that from Thy Law
We never should withdraw.
5. O that my waies were so upright,
I keep Thy statutes might :
6. Thou wilt not me with shame reject,
Who Thy commands respect.
7. My heart to praise Thee will delight,
When taught Thy judgments right :
8. Thy statutes I my rule will make ;
O never me forsake.

B E T H.

9. How shall a young man cleanse his way ?
Nere from Thy word to stray.

10. My

PSALME CXXI

10. My heart doth seek, and Thee prefer ;
Let not my goings err.
11. Thy word I hid my heart within,
To keep me free from sin.
12. Blessed art Thou, O Gracious Lord ;
Teach me to do Thy word.

13. My lips desist not to declare,
How just Thy judgments are :
14. Thy testimonies make me glad,
Above all riches had.
15. I will Thy precepts meditate,
And to Thy waies relate.
16. Thy statutes are my cheif delight,
Kept in my mind, and sight.

G I M E L.

17. Deale well with me, that whil'st I live,
I may observance give :
18. Discover to my opened eyes
Thy Law's high mysteries.
19. A stranger I on earth abide ;
Thy precepts do not hide.
20. My fainting soul, with longing tir'd,
Thy judgments hath desir'd.
21. With curses Thou the proud hast strook,
Who Thy Commands forsook.
22. Reproach, and scorne from me remove ;
For I Thy precepts love.

PSALME CXIX.

23. Princes did sit, and 'gainst me speak,
But I Thy statutes seek.

24. Thy word my only joy I make,
And from It counsaile take.

DALETH.

25. My soul unto the dust doth cleave;
Yet me in death not leave.

26. I to Thine eare my waies reveale,
Thy statutes not conceale.

27. Informe me in Thy precepts well,
That I Thy works may tell.

28. My melting soule with greif doth wast;
O quicken me at last.

29. Remove from me the way of lies,
That I Thy Law may prize. (choose;

30. The waies of Truth my Soule doth
Thy judgments I propose.

31. Thy testimonies are my aime;
Lord put me not to shame:

32. Who from Thy Law will nere depart,
When Thou enform'st my heart.

HE.

33. Teach me Thy statutes to intend,
And keep them to the end.

34. Inform'd, I shall Thy Lawes each part
Observe with my whole heart:

35. Guide me in Thy commands aright,
For therein I delight,

36. My

36. My heart unto Thy Lawes divine,
Not avarice, incline.

37. Quicken Thou me, and turne mine eye
From seeing vanity.

38. Thy word establiſh in my eare,
Devoted to Thy feare.

39. Remove my fear'd reproaches far,
For good Thy judgments are :

40. And me, Thy precepts who deſire,
With quick'ning grace inſpire.

V AV.

41. Thy ſaving mercies grant me Lord,
According to Thy word.

42. So ſhall I answer ſcornes unjuſt,
Because in Thee I truſt.

43. Thy Truth from out my mouth nere take,
Who it my comfort make.

44. So I Thy Law, and holy will,
For ever ſhall fulfill.

45. Enlarg'd I walk at liberty,
Thy precepts to deſcry :

46. Which, daunted nor with fear, nor ſhame,
I will to Kings proclaime.

47. On Thy Commands my love I place,
And joyfully embrace :

48. With liſted hands, and heart, proſtrate
On theſe I meditate.

ZAIN.

ZAIN.

49. Remember Lord ! Thy promise made,
Wherein my hope is lay'd :
50. This quickens me, though dead with greif,
In trouble gives releif.
51. Thy Law, though proud men me deride,
I never have deny'd :
52. Thy judgments old I call'd to mind,
And present comfort find.
53. Horroure and trembling me surprise,
When sinners Thee despise.
54. I sing Thy statutes all my age,
In lifes short pilgrimage.
55. Thy name at night comes to my thought,
Who have Thy precepts sought.
56. This comfort I performed saw,
Because I kept Thy Law.

CHETH.

57. Thou art my Lot ; I said, (O Lord !)
That I would keep Thy word.
58. With my whole heart I favour crave ;
Let me Thy mercy have.
59. My waies I mark'd, and turn'd my feet,
Within Thy Rules to meet.
60. To keep Thy statutes hast I made,
With duty, not delay'd.
61. By wicked bands though robb'd, & spoyl'd,
I nere from Thee recoyl'd.

62. At midnight I my selfe will raise,
To sing Thy Judgments praise.
63. I am their friend, and hold them deare,
Who Thee obey, and feare. (reach ;
64. Through earth (O Lord) Thy mercies
Me in Thy statutes teach.

T E T H.

65. Thou hast dealt well with me, O Lord !
According to Thy word.
66. Good judgment and true knowledge give,
For I Thy Lawes believe.
67. Before I troubled was, I stray'd ;
But now Thy word obey'd :
68 All good doth from Thy bounty flow ;
Let me Thy statutes know.

69. The proud by Lies would me supplant,
Who keep Thy Covenant :
70. Their heart is swell'n with fat, and ease ;
But me Thy statutes please.
71. Tis good, that by affliction taught,
To know Thee I am brought ;
72. Whose Law I in more value hold
Then thousand heaps of Gold.

I O D.

73. I have been fashion'd by Thy hand ;
Teach me to understand :
74 Who feare Thee shall be glad to see
My setled hope in Thee.

75. I know Thy judgments (Lord) are true ;
And my affliction due.
76. Yet let Thy comfort, I Thee pray,
Thy servants griet allay.
77. In tender mercy me forgive,
That I with Thee may live.
78. Shame them, whose pride without a cause,
Hates me, who love Thy Lawes.
79. Let those conjoyn'd to me be neare ;
Thy truth who know, and feare ;
80. My heart keep in Thy statutes sound,
That me no shame confound.

C A P H.

81. My soule, for Thy salvation faint,
Trusts on Thy gracious grant.
82. Mine eyes with expectation faile ;
When shall my hopes prevaile ?
83. Though like a bottle in the smoake,
Yet Thee I not forsook.
84. Shall my short daies of life have end,
Ere Thou Thy judgment send ?
85. The proud for me against all right
Have digged pits in spight :
86. As Thou art faithfull, send redresse,
'Gainst them who me oppresse.
87. They me on earth almost consum'd ;
But I on Thee presum'd.

88. O quicken me, as Thou art kind,
So I Thy word shall mind.

L A M E D.

89. Thy promise (Lord) doth ever last,
In heaven setled fast:

90. Thy faith, through all successions try'd,
Doth fixt as earth abide:

91. Thou for Thy service did'st ordaine,
That all things should remaine.

92. But that Thy Law was my releif,
I perisht had through greif.

93. Thy precepts in my thought shall live,
For they my soule revive.

94. Save me (O Lord!) for I am Thine,
And to Thy Law encline.

95. Though wicked men would me destroy,
I make Thy word my joy:

96. Which to eternall blisse extends,
When earth's perfection ends.

M E M.

97. Thy Law how dearely do I rate
All day to meditate?

98. Which still before me, makes me wise,
Above mine enemies.

99. For studying this, I knowledge have,
More then my teachers gave.

100. I understand more then the old,
'Cause I Thy precepts hold.

101. My

101. My feet from evill waies refrain'd,
Are by Thy word restrain'd:

102. I from Thy judgments not depart;
For Thou hast taught my heart.

103. Then hony bred from flowry fields,
Thy word more sweetnesse yields.

104. Through this I understanding gat;
And waies of falsehood hate.

NUN.

105. Thy word a lamp is shining bright,
And to my path a light.

106. I in my solemne vowes have sworne,
Thy statutes to performe.

107. I ly perplext with greif and paine;
Lord! quicken me againe.

108. O let my Pray'rs Thy audience reach,
And me Thy judgments teach.

109. My soul, though death & dangers threat,
Can never Thee forget:

110. And though the wicked snares have
From Thee I never stray'd. (lay'd,

111. Thy statutes are my chosen part,
The comfort of my heart;

112. And to performe Them I intend,
Untill my life shall end.

SAMECH.

113. I hate vaine thoughts, ill men neglect:
But I Thy Law affect.

114. Thou

114. Thou art my refuge and my shield,
Whose word doth safety yield.
115. Depart ye wicked ones away ;
I will my God obey :
116. Uphold me in a life unblam'd,
Nor let my hope be sham'd.
117. Sustaine me (Lord !) so shall my faith,
Resting on Thee, be safe. (full heart
118. Thou tread'st them downe, whose guile-
Doth from Thy Lawes depart ;
119. And, like the drosse that's cast away,
Mak'st them on earth decay.
120. My trembling flesh is full of feare,
When I these judgments heare.
- A I N.
121. Lord ! leave me not, who love the right,
To my oppressors might :
122. Be Thou my surety 'gainst their pride,
Who have my waies decry'd.
123. Mine eyes for Thy salvation faile,
Untill my hopes prevaile.
124. In mercy with Thy servant deale ;
Thy statutes (Lord !) reveale.
125. Give me an understanding heart ;
Thy sacred will impart :
126. Tis time for Thee to bring Thy aid,
For voyd Thy Law is made.

127. I Thy Commandments precious hold,
Above refined gold :

128 And all Thy precepts justly prize;
But hate deceit and lyes.

P E.

129 Thy testimonies wond'rous are,
My soules delight and care :

130. Thy words like beams of light arise,
To make the simple wise.

131. Panting, and breathlesse in desire,
I to Thy lawes aspire :

132. Such mercy (Lord) upon me powre,
As those who Thee adore.

133. Order my steps, no sins may staine,
Nor vices o're me reigne.

134 From man's oppression me redeeme,
Thy precepts who esteeme.

135. Make Thy blest face on me to shine;
Teach me Thy Lawes divine :

136. Rivers of Teares run down mine eyes,
When men Thy Law despise.

IS ADDI.

137. Thou righteous art, (O Lord) my might,
Thy judgments are upright. (mand,

138. The Statutes which Thou do'st com-
Unchang'd and faithfull stand.

139. My zeale consumes me, when I find
Thy Law not kept in mind :

140. Thy

140. Thy word is very pure. and try'd,
By me most magnify'd.
141. I, though despis'd and lightly set,
Thy precepts not forget :
142. Thy righteousnesse no period knew,
And Thy Commands are true.
143. Though troubles me, or anguish seize,
Yet I delight in these :
144. Lord ! in Thy statutes knowledge give,
And I shall ever live.

C O P H.

145. I cry'd with my whole heart ! Lord heare,
Through whom I persevere.
146. O save me, when to Thee I call ;
So keep Thy Lawes I shall.
147. My cries prevent the dawning light ;
148. My eyes outwatch the night :
That I Thy word might meditate,
My hope, and safe Retreat.
149. O Lord my voice in mercy heare,
Me quicken in Thy feare.
150. Men bent to mischeif nigh me draw,
Contemners of thy Law :
151. Yet Thou O Lord art neare at hand,
And true is Thy command.
152. For on eternall bases plac't,
Thy testimonies last,

R E S C H.

R E S C H.

153. Consider me in my distresse :

For I Thy Law confesse.

154. Plead Thou my cause, and life afford,

According to Thy word.

155. Salvation far from sinners flies :

For they Thy Lawes despise.

156. Thy tender mercies (Lord) exceed :

O quicken me with speed.

157. Though many foes 'gainst me combine,

From Thee I not decline.

158. With sorrow I transgressors saw,

Who have not kept Thy Law.

159. Lord ! think how I Thy precepts love :

Inspire me from above.

160. Thy word is true, Thy Judgments pure,

And ever shall endure.

S C H I N.

161. Princes pursue me without cause ;

Yet still I feare Thy Lawes : (mind,

162. Whose sacred word more glads my

Then those that treasures find.

163. I falshood hate, abhorre all lyes ;

But Thy Commandments prize.

164. Sev'n times each day my tongue dis-

Thy righteous judgments praise. (playes

165. Great peace have those Thy Law attend,

Nothing shall them offend. 166. Lord!

166. Lord ! I in Thy salvation hope,
And make Thy will my scope.
167. My soule Thy testimonies loves,
And them 'bove all approves ;
168. And constantly Thy Law obeyes,
Who searchest all my waies.

T A V.

169. Accept (O Lord) my lowd complaint,
And knowledge to me grant.
170. Let my request admission crave,
And in Thy promise save.
171. So shall my lips Thy praises reach,
When Thou my heart dost teach :
172. My tongue Thy statutes shall recite :
For Thy commands are right.
173. O let Thine hand bring help to me,
Whose choise Thy precepts be.
174. My thoughts for Thy salvation long,
My cheifest joyes among.
175. Let my soule live Thy Name to praise,
Whose judgments me shall raise :
I like a lost sheep went astray ;
O Lord my wand' rings stay.



P S A L. C X X.

1. **W**ith troubles prest, and drown'd in
 I called for relief: (grief,
 When God unto my help appear'd,
 And my Petition heard.

2. Lord save me from their cruell lies,
 Who would my life surprize.
 Make not my soule their envies bait,
 To perish by deceit.

3. What vengeance doth to Thee belong,
 O false and perjur'd tongue?

4. Sharp arrowes, and a quenchlesse fire,
 Shall one day be thy hire.

5. Wo unto me, constrain'd to dwell
 So far from *Jfrael*;

That I in *Mesech* sojourne must,
 And Tents of *Kedar* trust.

6. My Soule this long time doth converse
 With dispositions fierce:
 Who shunned have, like some disease,
 The happy fruits of peace.

7. To

7. To quench wa^s flame, and lessen strife,
 I labour'd all my life:
 But They, when Treaties were my care,
 For lasting war prepare.



P S A L. C X X I.

*Sing this as the Prayer after the
 Commandements.*

1. **U**P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, (rise.
 From whence my help and comfort
2. My safety from the Lord doth spring,
 Who made the world, and every thing.
3. Thy foot from falling He protects,
 Nor Slumbers He, nor thee neglects.
4. Behold, that Lord who *Israel* keeps,
 Unweary'd is, and never sleeps.
5. God is thy Keeper, like a shade
 Which on thy right hand is display'd.
6. The Sun by day thee shall not smite,
 Nor vapours of the Moon by night.
7. The Lord shall Thee preserve from harme;
 Thy soule against temptations arme.
8. Thy going out, and comming in
 For evermore His care have bin.



P S A L. CXXII.

1. I Was right glad, and joyfull made
 When They unto me said;
 Let us unto God's House repaire,
 And worship Him with pray'r.

2. Oblest *Ierusalem* ! our feet
 Within Thy Gates shall meet;

3. Who builded like a City art,
 United in each part.

4. To Thee the Tribes of God ascend,
 Their praises to commend;
 And by their zeale the rest enflame,
 To blesse their Makers Name.

5. There are the great Tribunals plac't,
 By publick justice grac't.
 There is the Palace and the Throne,
 Which *David* sits upon.

6. O pray for *Salems* lasting peace,
 That it may nere decrease:
 They still shall prosper, from whose love
 These happy wishes move.

7. With

7. With peace thy wals encircled be,
Sweet concord dwell in Thee :
And let thy Palaces abound,
With fullest plenty crown'd.

8. I for my brethrens sake will pray,
Peace may within thee stay.

9. And for the House of Gods abroad
Will ever seek Thy good.



P S A L. CXXIII.

1. **I** Unto Thee lift up mine eyes,
O thou who rul'st the skies,
And in the highest Heav'ns dost dwell,
Whose brightness none can tell.

2. As servants wait their Lords command,
And Maids their mistresse hand :
On God so do our eyes depend
Till He his mercy send.

3. O Lord ! some pity on us shew,
To end our painfull woe.
For we reproached, and unpriz'd,
Are utterly despis'd.

M 2

4. Our

4. Our soule afflicted daily mournes,
 Fill'd with excessive scornes.
 Whil'st those who live in ease, and pride,
 Our wretched state deride.



P S A L. CXXIV.

To the proper Tune.

1. **N**ow *Israel*
 This truth may gladly tell :
 But that the Lord
 Did help to us afford ;
2. If He our side
 With strength had not supply'd,
 When banding foes
 Against our safety rose,
3. Their kindled ire
 Had swallow'd us like fire.
4. The angry flood
 Had then above us stood,
 Who by the streame
 Quite overwhelm'd had been;
5. And swelling waves
 Become our timeles graves :

Whil'st

- Whil'st ore our soule
The billowes proudly rowle.
6. Blest be His aid,
Who us their prey not made.
7. Our resku'd soules,
Like late-entangled fowles,
Escaped are
Out of the deadly snare :
Broke is the net,
And we at freedom set.
8. In His great Name,
Who Heav'n and earth did frame,
Our ruin stay'd,
And help on Him is lay'd.

Another of the same.

1. **N**OW *Israel* may truly say,
In honour of this day ;
Had not the Lord our quarrell took ;
All help had us forlook.
2. Yea had not God our battailes fought,
When men our ruin fought ;
And when our close conspiring foes
Against our safety rose ;
3. The wrath, which in their breasts did strive,
Had buried us alive ;

Consuming both our Place and Name
In their revenges flame.

4. Our Life, and what we most esteem,
Had perisht in this stream;

5. And in the furious billowes womb,
Beheld our glories tomb.

6. But let our God be alwayes prais'd,
Who thus from death us rais'd :
Nor made us subject to their pow'r,
Who fought us to devour.

7. From danger resku'd is our soule,
Like some net-scaping fowle :
Sobroken is the bloody snare,
And we deliver'd are.

8. Our present help, and hopes of aid
In God alone are lay'd ;
'Tis He, who made both Heav'n and earth,
That gave our comforts birth.



P S A L. CXXV.

1. **W**HO God their hope and trust account,
Are like faire *Sions* Mount ;
Whose

Whose head unmoved, and unshook,
Abides the tempests stroak.

2. As rising Mountaines *Salem's* fense,
By their circumference;
So God His people guards throughout,
And circles them about.

3. The wicked shall not by their pow'r
The righteous Lot devour;
Least they the heathens sins partake,
Who them their vassall make.

4 Do good O Lord unto the just,
Who in Thy goodnes trust.
And those that are in heart upright,
Continue in Thy sight.

5. But as for such who turn'd aside,
To crooked waies back-slide,
The Lord their judgments shall encrease;
But *Iacob* blesse with peace.



P S A L. CXXVI.

1. **W**Hen God did cast a gracious eye
On *Sions* misery ;
And did his captiv'd Peoples state
To liberty translate ;
This unexpected safety wrought
On us such wonder brought,
Our freedome like a vision seem'd,
And we like them that dream'd.
2. Joy fill'd our mouth, triumphant Songs
Did exercise our tongues,
That Heathens with amazement said,
God hath This gladness made
3. The Lord, who crownes His servants faith
Great things effected hath,
And makes us publish through the earth.
The causes of our mirth.
4. Lord ! turne our bondage, end our woe,
Let Thy full me cyes flow,
As waters from the fountaines mouth,
Or Rivers in the South.
5. They who, before in teares have sow'n,
And only sorrowes know'n ;

Shall

Shall for their future hopes employ,
That they may reap in joy.

6. He who good seed in weeping beares,
And water'd with his teares;
Shall doubtless find return'd with gaine;
What here he sow'd in paine.
A blessed harvest shall ensue,
His comforts to renew; (grief,
Long joyes shall spring from his short
And from each graine a sheaf.



PSAL. CXXVII.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer..

1. **E**Xcept the Lord the house sustaine,
The builders labour is in vaine;
Except the City He defend,
And to the dwellers safety send,
In vaine are Centinels prepar'd,
Or armed watchmen for the guard.

2. You vainly with the early light
Arise, or sit up late at night,
To find support, and dayly eat
Your bread with sorrow earn'd and sweat:

250. PSALME CXXVIII.

When God, who His beloved keepes,
This plenty gives with quiet sleepes.

3. Lo ! children, and the fruitfull womb,
Are blessings which from Heaven come,
4. As arrowes in a strong mans hand,
So children are in youth obtain'd ;
5. Who hath his quiver full of those
Shall never feare upbraiding foes.



P S A L. CXXVIII.

1. **B**lessed is he who God doth fear,
And holds His precepts deare :

2. Thou shalt have plenty in thy meat,
And of thy labours eat.

3. Thy Wife shall, like the loving vine,
Which doth thy walls entwine,
With fruits enrich thy dwelling place,
And multiply thy race.

Thy Children shall like branches shew,
Which from the Olive grow,
And round about thy table stand,
As blessings to thy land.

4. These

PSALME CXXIX.

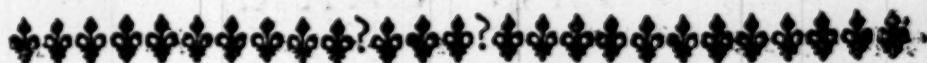
251

4. These favours shall the man obtaine,
Whose hopes in God remaine:

5. The Lord shall thee from *Sion* bleſs,
With all earthes happineſs.

Thine eyes *Hieruſalem* ſhall ſee,
Fill'd with proſperitie,
And whil'ſt thy dayes of life endure,
Hir gloryes ſhall be ſure.

6. Thou Childrens Children ſhalt behold,
Spring up when thou art old,
And added to thine own encrease,
See *Iſrael* in peace.



P S A L. CXXIX.

Sing this as Pſalme 119.

1. **O**ft vext me from my Youth have they,
May *Iſrael* now ſay,

2. Oft in my tender yeares affaild,
Yet have they not prevail'd.

3. My back the plowers did invade,
And there long furrowes made:

4. But

252 P S A L M E CXXX.

4. But God hath cut their wicked bands,
And sav'd me from their hands.
5. Let them confounded back retire,
Who *Sions* hurt desire ;
6. Or prove like grasse on houses top,
Which withers e're growne up :
7. Which hath no mower for it found,
Nor into sheaves is bound ;
8. And none that pass, God speed you, say,
Or wish you prosper may.



P S A L. CXXX.

1. **O** Ut from the Depths of misery,
O Lord ! to Thee I cry :
2. Mark well my voice, and let Thine care
My supplication heare.
3. If Thou, O Lord ! wilt be extreame,
And with thy searching beame
Examine each transgression,
And error we have done :

When we thus strictly shall be try'd,
Who may thy sentence bide ?

Or

Or who endure thy vengfull hand,
And in thy judgment stand?

4. But there is Mercy (Lord) with Thee,
That Thou may'st feared be:

5. Thy word and Promises are just,
Therefore in them I trust.

6. On Thee alone my hope is plac't,
To Thee my Soule doth hast:
On Thee she waites, to Thee she flies,
Before the morning rise.

They that expect the morning light,
After the weary night,
Watch not so much the break of day,
As she for Thee doth stay.

7. O *Israel* trust in the Lord,
Who pity doth afford!
For He more ready is to save,
Then we his help to crave.

With Him abundant mercy is,
To salve what's done amiss:

8. And Plentifull redemption found,
To cure each sinfull wound.

Another



*Another of the same, paraphrased
for an Antheme.*

OUt of the horreur of the lowest Deep,
Where cares & endlesse fears their station
To thee (O Lord) I send my woful cry: (keep,
O heare the accents of my misery.
If Thy enquiry (Lord) should be severe,
To mark all sins which have been acted here,
Who may abide? or, when they sifted are,
Stand un-condemned at Thy Judgments bar?
But there is mercy (O my God) with Thee,
That Thou by it may'st lou'd, and feared be.
My Soule waites for the Lord, in Him I trust,
Whose word is faithful, & whose promise just.
On him my longing thoughts are fixt, as they,
Who wait the comforts of the rising day: (light
Yea more then those that watch the morning
Tir'd with the sorrowes of a rest-less night.
O *Israel*, trust in that Gracious Lord,
Who plentiful remission doth afford;
And will His people, who past pardon seeme,
By mercyes greater then their sins redeeme,

PSAL. CXXXI.



P S A L. CXXXI.

1. **O** Lord! I have no haughty mind,
Nor eyes to pride inclin'd.
To matters great I not aspire,
Nor things too high desire.

2. But low in thought, in action mild,
Like to a weaned Child,
So wean'd from all earth's vanities
My soule on Thee relies.

3. Let *Israel* make God their scope,
And in His goodnesse hope;
Untill both time, and life shall end,
On Him alone depend.



P S A L. CXXXII.

1. **R**emember *David's* trouble Lord,
His vow and oath record;
2. How he in zeale, and holy fear,
To *Jacob's* God did swear.

3. l

256 PSALME CXXXII.

3. I will not house my weary head,
Nor go into my bed,
4. Nor shall my eyes, with sleep oppress,
Acquainted be with rest :
5. Untill a dwelling place I find
Unto the Lord design'd :
And till I shall a Temple raise
For the Almighty's praise.
6. Lo, we have heard, in *Ephrata*
Thy Arke did sometimes stay ;
And found, in open fields it stood,
Or shelt'ed by the wood.
7. But in His Tabernacle now
Our knees wee'll humbly bow :
We will before His foot stool fall,
And on His power call.
8. Arise (O Lord !) into Thy Rest,
Long with Thy presence blest ;
And let Thy Arke be fixed here,
Whose strength the Nations feare.
9. Thy Priests with holyness attire,
With joy Thy Saints inspire :
10. Do not Thy love for *David's* sake,
From Thine Anointed take.

11. The

11. The Lord to *David* vowed hath,
Nor will He break His faith,
From thine owne loynes shall issue one
To sit upon thy throne.
12. And if thy Children will consent
To my Commandement ;
Their sons, whil't day and night remaine,
Successively shall Reigne.
13. For I the Lord have *Sion* chose
For my desir'd repose :
14. Within this dwelling will I rest,
An everlasting guest.
15. Hir stores with plenty shall be fed,
Hir poor reliev'd with bread :
16. Hir Priests with blessing shall be deckt,
With gladness Hir Ek&t.
17. There shall the Horne of *David* spring,
In honour flourishing :
And like a lamp, his glorious light
Shall still continue bright.
18. His adversaries, cloath'd with shame,
Shall lose both life and name :
But from his Sacred Head the Crowne
Shall never be cast downe.



P S A L. CXXXIII.

1. **B**Ehold how pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren do agree:
Whose hearts, as dwellings, love unites,
And to accord invites.
2. 'Tis like the pretious ointment shed
On *Aarons* sacred head,
Which did from face, and beard descend,
And on his garment end.
3. 'Tis as the silver drops of dew
Which *Hermans* top renew:
Or as the fruitfull raines distill
Upon faire *Sions* Hill.
4. The Lord on such agreement powres
His loves unwasted showres;
And doth their habitations bless
With endless happiness

P S A L. CXXXIV.



P S A L. CXXXIV.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **Y**E servants of the Lord!
 Bless Him with one accord.
 You in His House who nightly wait,
 His praises due relate.

2. With lifted hands adore,
 And daily Him implore:
 Within His Sanctuary bless
 The Lord of Holiness.

3. The God that Heaven made,
 And earth's foundation lay'd,
 Out of His *Si* ~~ns~~ thee defend,
 And blessings endless send.



P S A L. CXXXV.

Sing this as Psalme 119.

1. **P**Raise ye the Lord; His praise proclaime
 All ye that love His Name.

2. Ye

2. Ye in His House, and Courts that stand,
Attending His Command.
3. O praise His goodness, bless His Name,
From whom all mercies came.
4. He *Iacob* chose, and on his race
Did all His treasure place.
5. Our God is great, and in His deeds
All other Gods exceeds :
6. In Heav'n, or earth, or deepest Seas,
He acts what ere He please.
7. He makes from earth the vapours rise,
Which cloud the dark'ned skies :
From whence He raines, and light'ning flings,
And winds there treasur'd brings.
8. He man and beast in *Egypt* smote,
9. And plagues on *Pharaoh* brought.
10. His arme did vanquish Nations great,
And mighty Kings defeat :
11. *Sibon*, and *Og*, and *Canaan* fell
12. In lot to *Israel*.
13. Therefore Thy pow'rfull Name, O Lord,
Succession shall record.
14. Thy judgments are on sinners bent;
But tow'rs Thine owne relent.
15. The Gods in Heathen Temples sought,
Are gold and silver wrought.
16. Speech-

16. Speechless they be, and blind, and deaf,

17. Nor in their mouths have breath.

18. Like them the Makers are, and those
Who trust in Them repose.

19. His praise, O ye from *Iacob* spring,
O house of *Aaron* sing!

20. O house of *Levi*, who profess
His feare, your Maker bless.

21. From *Sion* let your blessings sound,
Your thankfull Songs abound:
Praise ye the Lord, His mercies tell,
Who doth in *Salem* dwell.



PSAL. CXXXVI.

To the usuall Tune.

As Psalme 148.

1. **G**ive thanks unto the Lord,
Who doth all good afford;

2. The God of Gods, who swaies

3. Those Lords whom earth obeys.

4. Who hath alone
Great wonders done:
His mercy sure
Doth still endure.

5. To

5. To Him who Heavens made,
6. Earth 'bove the waters lay'd :
7. To Him who form'd great lights,
 To rule our daies and nights :
8. The Sun at noone,
 The Stars and Moone,
9. Whose mercy sure
 Doth still endure.
10. Who *Egypt's* first-borne smote ;
11. 12. And *Iacob* from them brought ;
13. The Red Sea parted was,
14. For *Israel* to pass .
15. But *Pbarah's* host
 In it was lost.
 His mercy sure
 Doth still endure.
16. Who His through desarts led ;
17 18. Great Kings discomfited,
19 *Sibon* the *Amorite* ;
20. And *Og*, with *Basban's* might ;
21. And gave their land |
22. To *Iacob's* hand :
 His mercy sure
 Doth still endure.
23. Who our low state esteem'd,
24. And from our foes redeem'd :

25. Who

25. Who to all flesh gives food,
His creatures fills with good:

26. Your thanks O bring
To Heavens King;
Whose mercy sure
Doth still endure.



P S A L. CXXXVII.

Sing this as Psalme 119.

1. **B**Y *Babylons* swift streames we sate,
Sad and disconsolate;

The teares as fast ran from our ey,
For *Sions* memory.

2. Our harps untuned, and unstrung,
Upon the Willows hung;

3. When those who did us captive bring,
Bid us (in scorne) to sing.

They, who us spoil'd with sword and fire,
Did mirth of us require:

Sing us (say'd They) one of the Songs,
To *Sion* which belongs.

4. But how shall we sing the Lords Song,
His Enemies among?

Or tune His Notes in strangers Land,
That cannot understand?

264. PSALME CXXXVII.

5. O deare *Ierusalem* ! when I
Forfake thy memory,
May my skill faile, my right hand let
Her cunning quite forget.
6. Cleave to the roof O may my tongue,
When I not mourne thy wrong ;
Or if I not preferr thy mirth
Above all joyes on earth.
7. In thy remembrance, Lord ! retaine
Proud *Edoms* fierce disdaine ;
Who 'gainst *Ierusalem* did cry,
Mocking hir misery .
Now she is fall'n, nere may our eyes
Againe behold hir rise ! (sound,
Down with it, (their rude clamours
Rase it ev'n to the ground.
8. O *Babylon* ! which did't us wast,
Thy self our woes must tast :
And in thy finall ruin we
Sions revenge shall see.
Happy are They, who to requite
The measure of thy spight ,
9. Without all pittie 'gainst the stones
Shall dash thy little ones.

PSAL. CXXXVIII.



PSAL. CXXXVIII.

1. **I** Thee will praise with my whole heart,
My thankfull hymnes impart ;
Before the Gods of Earth I'll sing
My praise to Heaven's King.

2. I towards Thy Temple worship will,
And praises utter still :
Thy word and Name shall loudly sound,
Whose love, and truth abound.

3. When in my plaints to Thee I cry'd,
Thy love as soon reply'd :
My fainting spirit was renew'd,
With strength my soule endu'd.

4. The Kings of earth Thy praise shall beare,
When they Thy words do heare :

5. They in the waies of God shall sing
The glory of their King.

6. For though the Lord be very high,
Yet He cast's downe His eye ;
The meek and lowly He respects,
But all the proud neglects.

N

7. Though

7. Though I in mid'st of trouble live,
 Yet Thou wilt me revive :
 Thy stretch'd out hand my wrathfull foes
 To ruin shall expose.

8. The Lord my comforts will assure,
 By mercyes which endure.
 Cease not of me regard to take ;
 Nor Thine own works forsake.



PSAL. CXXXIX.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. **L**ord! thou hast thoroughly searched me,
 I open am, and know'n to Thee :
2. My sitting downe, and my up-rise
 Are not concealed from Thine eyes :
 Thou understand'st my distant thought,
 Ere it to forme my self had brought.
3. Thou circlest in my path, and bed,
 And hast my waies discovered.
4. Thou hear'st each whisper from my tongue,
 And ere 'twas utter'd, knew'st it long.
- 5 By Thee I fashion'd, am and made,
 Thy hand each part in order lay'd.
6. Yet can I not the knowledge gaine,
 How I this being did attaine ; Which

Which doth in wonder so excell,
'Tis easier to admire, then tell.

7. How shall I from Thy spirit fly ?

Or Thy all present pow'r deny ?

8. If I climbe Heav'n, 'tis Thine own Shere :

If stoop to Hell, lo, Thou art there.

9. If borne upon the mornings wing,

Far as the Sea doth swell, or spring ;

10. Thy Right hand shall protect and lead,

Where ere my weary footsteps tread.

11. If I pretend the darknes shall

Upon me, like a cov'ring, fall ;

Those heavy fogs, those mists of night,

Will quickly cleare, and turne to light.

12. The thickest shade, or blackest cloud,

Can nothing from thy knowledg shrow'd:

For darkness doth like Noon-tide shine,

Light'ned by brighter beams of Thine.

(womb

13. My reins are Thine : Thou mad'st the

My bodies cloathing to become;

14. I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord,

Who was enlived by Thy word :

With awfull art, and wond'rous forme

Thou did'st Thy workmanship adorne.

My soule Their marvels must confess,

And for Thy favours daily bless.

15. Though I was fashion'd in the dark,
Too secretly for man to mark,
There is no curious joynt, or bone,
But was to Thy inspection know'n:
16. Thou did'st upon my substance look,
And wrot'st each member in Thy book:
Thou saw'st how my imperfect frame
By daily growth to figure came.
17. O Lord, how pretious, O how deare
Thy purposes and thoughts appeare !
18. Which were they summ'd in my account,
They would the num'rous sands sur-
These wonders alwaies present ly, (mount.
Fixt in my thankfull memory :
And whilst of them surveies I take,
My contemplation still must wake.
19. O God ! Thou shalt the wicked slay :
Ye bloody men depart away : (staine,
20. For their fowle tongues Thy honour
And take Thy sacred Name in vaine.
21. Do not I hate, and grieve at those,
Whose proud despight against thee rose?
22. With perfect hate I them despise,
Accounting them mine enemies.
23. Search me (O Lord!) and prove my heart,
Who Judg of all my actions art :

Do Thou my faith to tryall bring,
 My hidden thoughts examining :
 24. Look well, and all my motions view,
 If I persist in waies untrue :
 And when Thou find'st my feet to stray,
 Reduce me to Thy lasting way.



P S A L. C X L.

1. **S**Ave me from men to evill bent ;
 And from the violent :
2. Which mischeif in their hearts devise,
 In war, and tumult rise.
3. Their tongues are, like a Serpents, whet ;
 Their lips in poyson set.
4. Lord ! keep me from the raging foe,
 That would my feet orethrow.
5. The proud have hidden nets prepar'd,
 To take my life ensnar'd.
6. But I, Thou art my God, have said ;
 O heare, and send me aid.
7. O God my Lord ! the strength alone
 Of my salvation ;
 In day of battaile Thou my head
 Hast safely covered.

8. Grant not (O Lord!) their bad desire;
Least then their pride aspire.
9. Let suddaine mischeif cover those,
Who would my life enclose.
10. Let quenchless fire upon them raine;
Nor let them rise againe:
11. No violent man, nor evill tongue
On earth be stablish'd long.
12. I know the Lord will them maintaine,
Who have afflicted lay'n;
Their cause regards, and doth delight
To help the poor to right.
13. For this, unto Thy Name the just
Their thanks acknowledg must.
And those who live upright, and well,
Shall in Thy presence dwell.



P S A L. CXLI.

1. **T**O Thee I cry, O Lord, make hast
To heare my voice at last.
2. Let my request like Incense rise,
Or ev'ning sacrifice.
3. Set Thou a watch my mouth before,
And keep my speeches doore;
4. Incline

4. Incline not unto ill my heart,
With sinners to take part.

Let me not eat of that delights
Their wicked appetites :

5. But let the righteous me reprove,
And smite me in his love.

Like pretious balmes, or odours shed,
Such stroaks not break my head ;
And in my pray'rs I shall them bleſs,
In miſt of their diſtreſs.

6. When wicked Judges overthrow'n
Ly daſh'd againſt the ſtone ;
They ſhall with much contentment heare
My words, which comfort beare.

7. Diſperſt, and ſcatter'd on the grave,
Our bones no value have :
As fallen trees, cut downe, and cleft,
Are in their ſplinters left.

8. But though in darknes clos'd I ly,
On Thee I fix mine eye :
Thou wilt not leave me in the duſt,
In whom my ſoul doth truſt.

9. O keep me from the cruell net,
Which wicked men have ſet.

10. Let them be ſnar'd in their own trap ;
But let my ſoul eſcape.



P S A L. CXLII.

1. **W**ith low'd-voic'd cries to God I ^{(came,}
And my request did frame :
2. I powred out my sad complaint,
And shew'd Him my restraint.
3. Thou, when my soul was drown'd in woe,
My way, and path did'st know :
Yet in that walk my feet did tread,
Close snares for me were spread.
4. I did upon my right hand look,
But no man knowledg took :
My soul of help was quite bereft,
And had no refuge left.
5. I therefore cry'd to Thee, O Lord !
And said this faithfull word :
Thou do'st my Help and Portion stand,
In the Eternall Land.
6. Consider then my great distress,
Brought low with heaviness.
From persecuters me defend,
Unable to contend.

7. My

7. My soule out of the prison bring,
 That I Thy praise may sing.
 And for this bounty shew'd to me,
 The just shall honour Thee.



P S A L. CXLIII.

As Psalme 25.

1. **O** Lord my Prayer heare,
 Presented in Thy feare :
 With mercy answer my request,
 In humblest words exprest.
2. Weigh not in judgments scales
 Thy servants daily failes ;
 For no man living, in Thine eye,
 Himself shall justify.
3. My foes which do pursue
 My soule, by waies undue,
 Make me in darkness hide my head,
 Like those have long been dead.
4. My Spirit faint, and worne,
 Is by my griefes oreborne :
 My heart within me desolate,
 Through my dejected state.

5. Yet I the daies of old
In my remembrance hold :
Thy wonders past I meditate,
And all Thy works of late.
6. To Thee I stretch my hands ;
Like as the thirsty Lands
The fruitfull raines desire to see,
So thirsts my soul for Thee.
7. Heare me, O Lord, with speed ;
My fainting spirit heed :
Least if Thou frowne, I prove like those,
The pit of Death doth close.
8. O let my longing eare
Betimes Thy kindnes heare.
In Thee I trust : reveale that Path,
Thy truth prescribed hath.
9. Lord save me from their spight,
Who in my wrongs delight :
To Thee my soul for shelter flies,
Against hir enemies.
10. Teach me to do Thy will,
That I may please Thee still :
Let Thy good spirit me direct,
To live with Thine elect.

11. Lord quicken me againe ;
 Cleanſe Thou my ſinfull ſtaine ;
 For Thy great Name, and juſtice ſake,
 My ſoul from trouble take.

12. I am Thy ſervant, Lord !
 My comfort is Thy word.
 Then of Thy goodnes thoſe deſtroy,
 Who in my ſorrowes joy.



P S A L. CXLIV.

(might ;
 1. **B**leſt be the Lord, my ſtrength, my
 Who taught my hands to fight :
 2. My rock, my ſhield, and helper true,
 My people to ſubdue.
 3. Lord ! what is man ? or what his race,
 Thy notice ſhould him grace ?
 4. Who is ſo vaine, his daies do fade
 Like to the paſſing ſhade.
 5. O Lord, the arched Heavens bow,
 Come downe to earth below.
 Touch their proud tops, and then thy ſtroake
 Shall make the mountains ſmoak.

6. From

6. From Thy full clouds quick lightning cast,
And them by scatt'ring waft;
Let Thy sharp arrowes, 'gainst them shot,
Destruction make their lot.

7. Send from above Thine hand, to save
Me from the swelling wave. (hate,

8. From children strange, whose mouth speaks
Whose right hand acts deceit.

9. Then I new Songs will sing to Thee,
Upon the Psalterie:
And on the ten-string'd Instrument
Ditties of praise invent.

10. For God salvation gives to Kings;
His help to *David* brings:
From perill of the Sword, and grave,
He doth His servant save.

11. Deliver me from strangers hands,
Whose mouth against Thee bands:
Whose right hand falshood doth defend;
Whose deeds in rapine end.

12. Our Sons like plants then, fresh in growth,
Shall flourish in their youth:
Our daughters like faire columnes be,
Which we in Temples see.

13. Our

13. Our garners shall be fill'd with store,
 Our sheep bring thousands more,
 14. Our Oxen strong; nor shall restraint
 Cause in our streets complaint.

15. Happy that people, and that place,
 Which is in such a case:
 Yea blessed are, and happy, they,
 Who God their Lord obey.



P S A L. CXLV.

Sing this as Psalme 100.

1. **I** Thee extoll, my God and King!
 And of Thy Name for ever sing;
 2. I Thee will bleſs through all my daies,
 And yield Thy Name eternall praise.
 3. Great is the Lord, prais'd and admir'd,
 His greatness is by none exquir'd.
 4. Each generation shall declare,
 How mighty His atchievements are.
 5. I will Thy glory celebrate,
 Thy wond'rous works Majestick State:
 6. Thy acts of terrour, and of fame,
 All men shall speak, and I proclaime.
 7. They

7. They shall abundantly profess
Thy goodness, and Thy righteousness ;
8. Whose grace, and full compassions flow,
To mercy swift, to anger slow.
9. God's goodness every where extends,
His mercy all His works transcends.
10. All things (O Lord) Thou did'st create ;
And Saints Thy praise shall celebrate.
(know'n;
11. Their tongues Thy Kingdom's rule make
By them Thy glorious acts are show'n :
12. That all the Sons of men may see
Thy mighty pow'r, and Majestie.
13. Thy Kingdom doth for ever last,
When men decay, and time is past.
14. God doth uphold all such as fall,
And men cast downe from ruin call.
15. The eyes of all on Thee attend,
Who in due season meat do't send :
16. Thy open hand, when need requires,
Doth satisfie their just desires.
17. The Lord is right in all His waies,
In Holiness His works He layes.
18. The Lord is good, and nigh to all,
Who faithfully upon Him call.

19. He

19. He their desire will satisfie,
 Who feare Him, and regard their cry:
 20. Saves all, that love Him, from annoy :
 But all the wicked will destroy.
- (praise,
21. Therefore my mouth, to speake His
 Shall lowd, and thankfull accents raise :
 And let all flesh, whom He did frame,
 For ever bleſs His Holy Name.



P S A L: C X L V I.

1. **T**To God (my ſoule) His praises give,
 And bleſs Him, whil't I live.
2. I will to Him my thanks up ſend,
 Untill my being end.
3. Put not in Princes any truſt,
 Nor in the Sons of duſt ;
 Who nor themſelves, nor others ſave
 From the devouring grave.
4. Soon as man breathleſs doth remaine,
 He turnes to earth againe.
 And, as his time of life expires,
 So periſh his deſires.
5. O therefore happy he, whoſe faith
 On God relyance hath : Who

Who makes the fear of Him his scope;
And object of his hope.

6. He Heav'n and earth and Sea did frame,
With all that Those containe :
And when their frame is quite defac't,
His truth shall ever last.

7. He doth the wronged help to right,
Who are oppress'd by might :
Feeds those that are to want expos'd ;
And hath the Captives loos'd.

8. He to the blind restores their eyes,
He makes the fall'n to rise :
He upon such bestowes his care,
Who just and faithfull are.

9. The Lord all strangers doth receive,
And fatherless relieve :
When wicked men are overthrowne,
And all their hopes cast downe.

10. The Lord thy God, O *Sion*, reignes,
His glory still remaines.
Then to thy everlasting King
Eternall praises sing.



P S A L. C X L V I I.

1. **P**Raise ye the Lord: a pleasant thing
It is, His praise to sing.
2. God ruin'd *Salem* doth repaire:
Whose out-casts gather'd are.
3. He heales and binds the broken heart,
Relieves the wounded's smart:
4. The sparkling Starres He numbers all,
And by their names doth call.
5. Great is our Lord, and strong His might,
His Wisdome infinite:
6. He doth the meek exalt, and crowne;
But cast's the wicked downe.
7. To God the Lord, so good, so great,
Your thankfull hymnes repeat;
And to the Harpes melodious string
His constant praises sing.
8. Who heavens face with vapour shrowds,
And covers it with clouds:
Who powres his raine on earth below,
And makes the Mountaines grow.

9. He

9. He gives his food unto the beast ;
And, from their airy nest
When the young ravens to Him cry,
Feeds Them abundantly.

10. He not delights in strength of horse,
Nor values humane force :

11. But those who make His feare their scope,
And in His mercy hope.

12. *Ierusalem* O praise the Lord ;
Sion, Thy God record :

13. Who barres thy gates, to give thee rest,
And hath thy children blest.

14. He maketh in thy borders peace ;
Fills thee with cornes increase.

15. His wing'd commands most swiftly run,
And, soon as said, are done.

16. He giveth, like the wooll, his snowes,
Hoare frost like ashes strowes :

17. Casts forth his Ice, like morsells roll'd.
Who can withstand His cold ?

18. He sendeth out His word, and Law,
Which melts them to a thaw :
He causeth His strong wind to blow,
And makes the waters flow.

19. His

19. His word He doth to *Iacob* shew,
 Makes him His judgment know.
 And to his chosen *Israel*
 He doth His Statutes tell.

20. He with no Nation so did deale,
 Nor thus His Love reveale ;
 Who nor His judgments knew, nor word :
 Therefore, Praise ye the Lord.



P S A L. CXLVIII.

To the proper Tune.

1. **P**raise God from Heaven high,
 Who sits above the sky :

2. Ye glorious Angels all,
 Ye Hosts Celestiall ;

3. Ye Sun and Moon,
 Both Night and Noon,
 Ye Stars of light
 His praise recite.

4. Praise Him ye Heavens that move,
 Ye waters them above,

5. Praise Him, whose pow'rfull Name
 Created This great frame.

6. He did command
 Them fast to stand :

By

By His decree
They lasting be.

7. All that earth's bosome keeps,
Ye dragons, and all deepes:

8. Fire, haile, the falling snow,
The furious winds that blow:
Stormes that fulfill
His sacred will,
And serve His word,
Praise ye the Lord.

9. Mountaines, that touch the sky;
Ye Hills, which lower ly;
All trees that fruitfull are,
The Cedars tall and faire:

10. Beasts, which the field,
Or pastures yeild;
Each creeping thing;
And bird of wing.

11. Kings, which the earth do sway,
People, who them obey:
Princes of royall birth,
And Judges of the earth:

12. Young men, and maids,
Old men, and babes,

13. Let them proclaime
His awfull name:

His Name doth all excell,
 In earth, or Heaven that dwell :
 14 He will His People raise,
 Of all His Saints the praise :
 Ev'n *Iacob* deare,
 His care most neare ;
 Joyn'd in accord,
 Praise ye the Lord.



P S A L. CXLIX.

Sing this as Psalm 119.

1. **P**raise ye the Lord: New Anthems bring,
 Which ye to God may sing :
 And let the quire of Saints His praise
 In their assembly raise.

2. Let *Israel* in Him rejoyce,
 Who form'd him with his voyce :
 Let all the Sons, from *Sion* spring,
 Be joyfull in their King.

3. Let them with Dance, and Pipe proclaime
 The glory of His Name :
 Let them sing praises with the Harp,
 With Timbrell shrill and sharp.

4. For in His people He delights,
 Who celebrate His Rites :
 And those with meekness who abound,
 Are with salvation crown'd.

5. Let

5. Let Saints with glory raise their heads,
And sing upon their beds :
6. Let His high praise, who rules the skies,
Their voices exercise.
And in their hand a Two-edg'd sword
Be put, to act His word,
7. For judgment 'gainst the Heathen bent,
And peoples punishment :
8. Their captive Kings in chaines confin'd,
With manacles to bind,
And their rebellious Nobles lead
In iron fettered.
9. To execute that heavy wrath
His judgment threat'ned hath :
And in faire Characters engrave ;
His Saints such honour have.



P S A L. CL.

1. **P**Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address
To praise His Holynes :
O praise Him in His pow'rs extent,
Who rules the firmament.
2. Praise Him for all His acts of might,
Our wonder which invite :

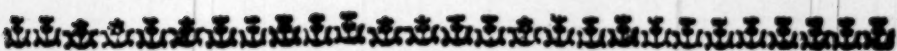
In praises due His greatness tell,
Which all things doth excell.

2. Praise Him with Trumpets lofty sound,
With Cornets shake the ground :
His praise the Psaltery inspire,
With the melodious Lyre.

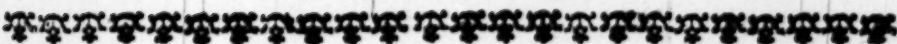
4. Praise him with Timbrells, and advance
His honour in the Dance.
Praise Him with Organs, Violls, Flutes,
And the well-stringed Lutes.

5. With Cymbals loud Him magnify,
Praise Him on Cymbals high :

6. Let every creature, that hath breath,
His Maker praise till death.



F I N I S.





2.

3.

4.

T

5.

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7.



I

M

2

The Lord's Prayer.

Ur Father which in Heaven ar't !

1. Thy Name be Hallow'd by each heart:

2. Thy Kingdome come : Thy Will be done

3. In earth as 'tis in Heav'n thy throne :

4. Give us this day our daily Bread,

That Soules and Bodies may be fed.

5. Forgive our trespasses, as we

Forgive them, where we Trespafs'd be:

6. To no Temptation lead our Will :

7. But us Deliver from all ill:

For Thine the Kingdom and the Pow'r

And Glory is, for evermore.

Атеш.

The Creed.

1. **IN** God the Father most of might

I do Believe aright,

Maker of Heaven and of Earth,

With all that there have birth :

2. And Jesus Christ His only Son :

3. Whose pure Conception

4

Did

Did by the Holy Spirit come
Born in the Virgins womb.

4. He under Pilate Crucifi'd,
Suffer'd for us and Dy'd,

Was bury'd, went to Hell beneath :

5. The Third day Rose from death :

6. He into Heaven did Ascend,

And sits at God's Right Hand : (dread

7. From thence He shall come down with
To Judge both quick and dead :

8. I in the Holy Ghost believe :

9. The Catholick Church receive,

The Saints in one Communion joyn'd :

10. That sins Forgiveness find :

11. That these our Bodies from the Grave
A Resurrection have :

12. And shall enjoy a Life of bliss,
Which Everlasting is. *Amen.*

~~~~~

### *The ten Commandments, Exod. 20.*

God spake these words : I am the Lord  
Who Thee to Liberty restor'd,  
And did from Egypts bondage free :

1. Thou shal't adore no God but Mee.

~~~~~

Tho

2. Thou shal't no Graven Image make,
Nor any other likenesse take,
In Heav'n, or Earth, or Seas below,
To which thou may'st fall down and Bow.

For, jealous of Mine honour, I
Unto the fourth posterity
Visit the children for the sin
Which hath by Fathers acted been.

Yet I my Mercies heep in store
For thousand generations more
Of them that love Mee, whose intents
Walk after My Commandements.

3. Thou shalt by Swearing not profane
Nor take Thy Makers Name in vaine;
For God will no man guiltless deeme,
Who doth His Sacred Name blaspheme.

4. Remember that to Rest and Pray
Thou holy keep the Sabbath Day:
Six dayes thou labour shal't, but This
The Lord thy God's high Sabbath is.

No kind of work shall then be done,
By Thee, thy daughter, or thy Son,
Nor Servants, Cattle, nor the late
Admitted stranger to thy Gate.

For God in six dayes all things made,
And Resting on the Seventh stay'd,
The Sabbath day He therefore blest,
And Hallow'd it for publick Rest.

5. Honour thy Parents, and obey
What just commands so-ere They lay,
That in the Land Thou long may'st live,
Which God doth for Thy dwelling give.

6. From Bloody acts and Murther fly.

7. Commit no foul Adultery.

8. Thou shall't not Steal. Nor any where

9. False witness 'gainst thy Neighbor bear:

10. Thou shall't not (mov'd by lust or strife)
Covet thy Neighbors House or Wife,
Nor Man, nor Maid, nor Ox of His,
Nor what to Him belonging is.

O Lord have mercy, and incline
Our Minds to keep These Lawes of Thine :
Write Thy Commandments in our heart,
That we from Them may nev'r depart.

Amen.

Veni

Veni Creator.

Come Holy Ghost Thy Pow'r difate,
Which all things did create :
With Heav'nly Grace and pure desire,
Thy servants hearts inspire.
Thou art the Paraclete, the spring
Which doth all comforts bring,
The Life, the Light, the Fire of Love,
And Unction from above.

Thou dost Thy Sev'nfold Gifts bestow,
That we Thy Truth may know,
The Finger art of God's Right Hand,
The Key to understand :
Thou His long promis'd Blessing art,
To glad each drooping Heart,
Who dost enrich us with Thy word,
And Utterance afford.

O let Thy Light into us shine,
Infuse Thy Love Divine,
Our minds with strength'ning Grace supply,
To suffer constantly :
Our enemies assaults repell,
That we in Peace may dwell,

And guide us with Thy Mighty Arm,
We may avoid all harm.

Teach us the Father to Believe,
And Christ the Son receive,
With God the Holy Ghost, who doth
Proceed alike from Both :
To this Eternall Trinitee,
All Praise and Glory be ;
And pray we Their Blest Spirit may
With us for ever stay. *Amen.*

Te Deum.

WE Praise Thee God ! we daily bless,
And Thee the Lord confess :
Father from all Eternitee,
The Earth doth worship Thee.
To Thee all Angels lowdly cry,
The Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high,
To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims
Sing their incessant Hymnes.

O Holy Holy Holy Lord !
Thou God of Hosts ador'd !
Thy Majesty and Glory still
Both Earth and Heaven fill.
Thee the Apostles Glorious Quire,
The Prophets Thee admire,

The

The Martyrs noble Army raise
Blest Anthemes in thy praise.

The Holy Church doth knowledge Thee
Father of Majestee,

Thy true and only Son, the great
Most Holy-Paraclet.

Thou art O Christ of glory King,
The Father Equalling;

Yet didst not, when to save us come,
Disdain the Virgins womb.

When Thou the sharpness of Deaths sting
Ov'rcam'st by suffering,

Heav'ns open'd Kingdome thou didst give
To All that Thee Believe:

Thou sitt'st at God's right Hand, from whence
Thou wilt to Judge us Come,

Accomplish then Thy Servants good,
Bought with thy Precious Blood.

Amongst Thy Saints in glory Crown'd,
Let them be number'd found;

Lord save Thy People from mischance,
Bless Thine inheritance,

Govern, and lift Them up to bliss,
Which true and endless is:

We day by day extoll Thy fame,
Still worshipping Thy Name.

Vouchsafe this day which now begins ,
To keep us without Sins.
Have mercy upon us O Lord!
Thy helping Grace afford.
Lord ! as our hopes on Thee depend,
Thy mercy on us send.
O Lord in Thee I trusted have,
Me from Confusion save.

~~~~~  
*Benedictus.* Luc. i. v. 68.

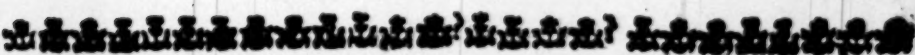
**T**He God of Israel be blest ,  
His people who releast ,  
And hath by One Salvation wrought,  
From Davids lineage brought .  
As He by all His Prophets said ,  
Ere since the world was made,  
That from our foes we should be sav'd ,  
Whose hatred us enslav'd.

His promis'd mercy to performe,  
To Abraham first sworne,  
The Oath and holy Covenant  
Which He to us would grant ;  
That we who now deliver'd were,  
Might serve Him without feare,

In holinesse and righteous wayes,  
Before him all our daies.

And Thou, O Child, of Gods decree,  
Shalt call'd the Prophet be,  
For Thou must go before His face,  
Sent to prepare His place :  
Unto His People in His Name,  
Salvation to proclame;  
And to the Souls perplext within,  
Remission of their sin.

Through Gods most tender love, whose eye,  
Did visit us from high,  
And caus'd his Morning Star to shine,  
Diffusing beames Divine,  
To lighten those in darknesse layd,  
By Deaths unhappy shade,  
And guide our feet which knew no ease,  
Into the wayes of Peace.



*Magnificat.* Luc. I. v. 46.

**M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My Spirit doth record,

In



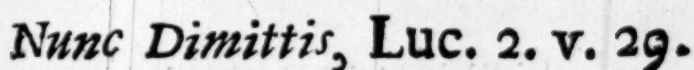
In her rejoycing Songs, the Pow'r  
Of God my Saviour.

For He regarded hath of late  
His Hand-maids low estate,  
Behold all generations shall  
Hence-forth Me Blessed call.

For He great things for me hath done,  
Blest be His Name alone ;  
His Mercies through all Times appear,  
To those which Him do fear. (shew'd  
He with His Arm much strength hath  
To scatter all the proud,  
He puts the Mighty from their seat,  
And makes the humble great.

The hungry He hath fill'd with food,  
And giv'n them all things good :  
But He the rich whom pleasures sway,  
Hath empty sent away.  
His mercy He remembred hath,  
To help his Servants faith,  
As He to *Abraham* decreed,  
And His elected Seed.

Nunc



*Nunc Dimittis*, Luc. 2. v. 29.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

**H**Earken O God! unto a wretches cryes,  
Who low dejected at thy foot-stool lies:  
Let not the clamour of my heynous sin  
Drown my requests, which strive to enter in  
At those bright Gates, which alwayes open  
To such as beg remission at thy hand. (stand

Too well I know, if Thou in justice deal,  
I can nor pardon ask nor yet appeal. (grant,  
To my hoarse voyce heav'n will no audience  
But deaf as brass, and hard as Adamant,

## Beat

Beat back my words : Therefore I bring to  
A gracious Advocate to plead for me. (Thee,

What though my leprous soul no Jordan can  
Recure? nor floods of the lav'd ocean  
Make clean? yet from my Saviours bleeding side  
Two large & med'cinable rivers glide. (abound  
Lord wash me where those springs of life  
And new *Bethesdaes* flow from ev'ry wound.

If I this precious Lather may obtaiue,  
I shall not then despair for any staine :  
I need no *Gilead's* Balme, nor Oyle, nor shall  
I for the purifying Hyfop call:  
My spots will vanish in His purple flood,  
And Crimson there grow White , though  
(wash'd in Blood.

See Lord! with broken heart and bended knee,  
How I addresse my humble Sute to Thee :  
O give that sute admittance to thine ears,  
which floats to thee, not in my words but tears  
And let my sinfull Soul this mercy crave ,  
Before I fall into the silent grave.

---

*The*

## *The Lords Prayer.*



**The Creed. *Psal.* 43. 91. 105. 106. with  
any of the like Meter.**

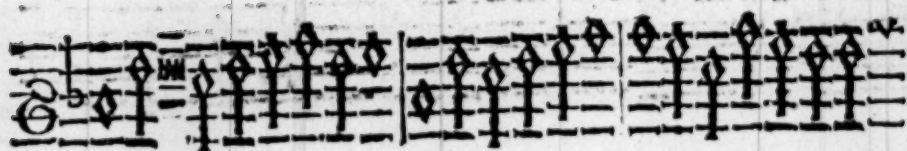




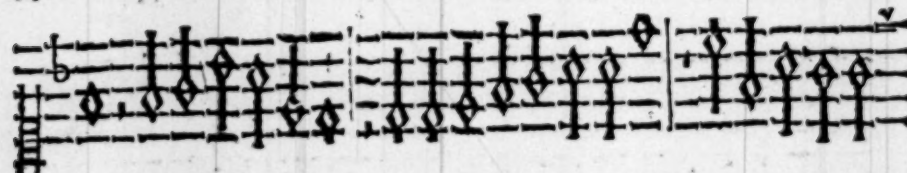
*The ten Commandments.*



*Veni Creator.*



*Te Deum.*



*This*

This Tune which is proper to Psalm 119 serves for the 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 39. 137. With any other of that Meter, containing eight Lines in a Staffe.



This is for Psal. 8. 15. 19. 20. 21. 23. 24. 26. 28. 29. 32. 41. 42. 45. 47. 48. 52. 69. With any others of that Meter, containing only four lines in a Staffe. But if the former seems more difficult, or be lesse used in divers Places, This Tune will serve generally for all, whose Meter is like the First Psalm.



This

This Tune is for Psal. 81. 85. 87. 98. 101.



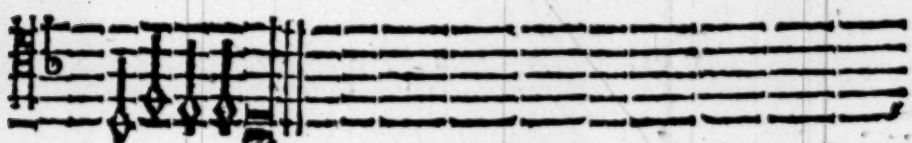
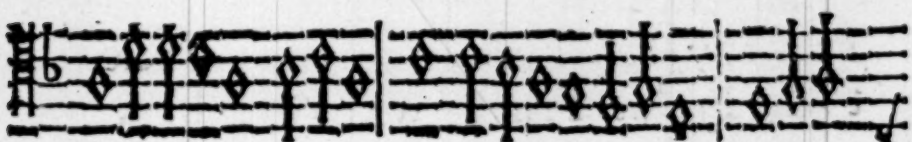
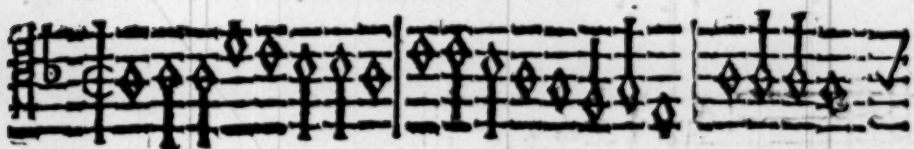
This for Psal. 25. 67. 134. 143.



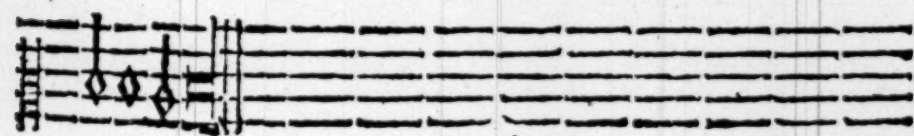
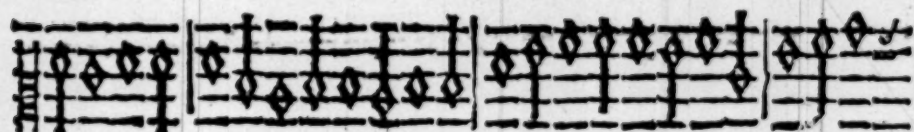
(\*) Tune

Tune of Psalm 51. For the 17. 68. 80. 118.  
With the others mentioned.

PSAL. LI.



*Lamentation.*



(\*)

PSAL

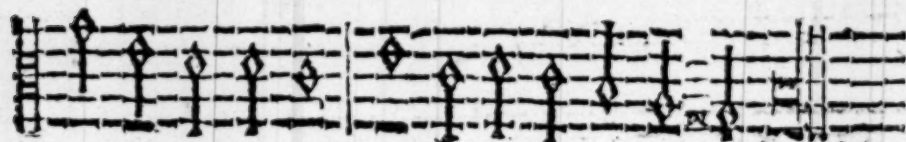


# PSAL. C.



There be other Tunes, which being not very usuall, are not here set down, as *Psalm*. 50. 124. 127, &c. For which you are referred to the *Psalmes* Printed with the Bibles.

For *Psalm* 14. 41. 76.



*Errata.*

## Errata.

**R**ead *Psal.* 3. 2. Many there be. *Psf.* 12. 7. Flattering. *Psf.* 17. 7. The faithfull saves. *Psf.* 25. 16. To me, *Psf.* 37. 36. Yet pass'd they by and soon were gone. *Psf.* 31. 5. Redeemed'st it. *Psf.* 36. 9. And in thy light. *Psf.* 38. 8. Thy heavy stroak. *Psf.* 42. 6. From Jordan yet and Hermons hill, I thee remember will: *Psf.* 43. 5. Why droop'st thou O my soul? *Psf.* 48. 11. Let *Judah's* daughters. *Psf.* 49. 15. But God my soul. *Psf.* 51. 14. Authour of all good. *Psf.* 67. 1. Upon thy servants. *Psf.* 69. 10. To my reproach t'was turn'd. *Psf.* 71. 6. Thou. *Psf.* 73. 16. Hard. *Psf.* 74. 6. With Ax and Hammers broken down. *Psf.* 98. 8. Let Hills. *Psf.* 105. 2. Celebrate. *Psf.* 107. 40. Put's to scorn. *Psf.* 114. 6. Yee little Hills. *Psf.* 118. 13. My aid. *Psf.* 118. 16. For God's right hand is lifted high. *Psf.* 119. 65. thou ha'st. *Psf.* 125. 2. *Salem* fence &c v. 3. Vassals. *Psf.* 139. 8. 'Tis thine own Sphear, &c. v. 14. These marvailes. *Psf.* 146. 6. And when their Forme.

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of Lord Jesus Christ.  
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in Verse with the  
Lords Prayer and  
Creed in Verse  
frontispiece  
by Vaughan

1651

Upon the two  
commandments

